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COME TO JESUS.—He has come to you. He came into the world to save sinners. This is the greatest fact the world has ever known. All the numerous rays of ancient Scriptures converge in this. This is the central truth of the New Testament. The history of the ways of God with the nations of the earth, and with individual men, can only be interpreted in the light of the cross. This is the key that unlocks heaven, and the awful wand that directs the thunders of the Judgment Day.

This stupendous fact is denominated a *saying*, and for what reason, unless it is that it was the chief theme of thought and conversation with all the holy past, and is still to be upon the lips of His people till it shall fill the mouths of all the world, it is not only a saying, but it is a faithful saying. A God of truth has spoken it; the Spirit Divine has recorded it, and Jesus has sealed it with His blood. And, unlike the notions of false religions, it is so plain that he that runs may read, and he that reads may understand.

This Gospel way of salvation by Christ is worthy of all acceptance, in that it commands itself to the largest requirements of the intellect, and to the fullest demands of the heart.

Salvation by Christ is no enemy to our joys; it adds to our chiefest charms. It does indeed withdraw the thorns, but it leaves the roses all. It is the dross alone that it purges away, but all the gold is left behind. The humblest child of man may here be renewed, restored, and finally exalted to the throne. The kings of the earth find here their highest honors, and without it they are but beggars still. The devotee of fashion, though arrayed in the choicest fabrics of the distant East, as profuse as the radiant robes flung from the comet's waist, is but in filthy rags compared with the inward adorning which Jesus puts upon the soul, and with which the most forsaken of the earth may grace the presence-chamber of the King of kings.

Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners—not the righteous-sinners—*sinners!* the child whose tender feet have gone astray; the wayward youth who has long spurned the prayers and tears of a mother's love; the worldly man, bartering his eternal all for sordid gold; the woman who in her dark den waits the coming feet of the simple man; the Gospel-hardened sinner whose cruel neglect through weary years has defied the vengeance of his God. And, O won-

drous grace, him whose bowed form stoops towards the grave, and whose head is already streaked with the silvery dawn of eternity—him Jesus came to save. Come, come to Jesus.

"O believe the record true,
God to you His Son hath given;
Ye may now be happy too,
Find on earth the life of heaven:
Live the life of heaven above,
All the life of glorious love."

The completion of the Pacific Railroad was hailed with great rejoicings in all parts of the land. The blows of the hammer that drove the golden spikes in the last rail, were repeated by the telegraph click in all the offices in the land. The Secretary of State and of War, the Lieut. General, Sherman and his suite, gathered in their respective offices at Washington, and saw and heard this pulse-beating from Promontory Point, more than 1,000 miles beyond Omaha, the great event of the hour. The unexampled speed with which this was accomplished is not its least marvel. Five years ago this summer the Company was organized, but only three years ago was the blow first struck. Over six hundred miles a year has been laid. Wonder of wonders! Its value is not to be measured by figures. It is more than wealth; it is a sentiment. It foretells the harmony of nations. Asia will be thrilled with this event in all its sluggish blood of millenniums. Europe will again bow before the greatness of America. \$5,000,000, are its earnings already; fifties will be their computations soon. Among the valiant men in this great act stand forth Messrs. Oakes Ames, Durant, George Francis Train, G. W. Frost, and the Casement brothers, whose swiftest energy as constructors, was marvelous, and has largely contributed to the speedy completion of the undertaking. We have elsewhere compiled a liberal description of the national work.

The Davenport Brothers refused to be bound with strong cords, or with iron bracelets and anklets. Their hands couldn't fly well in such fetters. Sampson's green wifeth world test these not green tricksters.

The Legislature has increased the charter of the Boston Wesleyan Association to \$400,000. They will immediately proceed to erect a handsome building, costing, with the land, nearly \$300,000. Hammatt Billings is the architect. This insures a fine structure. It will be probably of stone, five stories high, ornamented and chaste. The large hall, which is so generally approved, will not be built at present. Bromfield Street Church may yet remodel itself after this model, and make a front of 150 feet, devoted to Methodist purposes. Messrs. Wm. Clafin, Rich, Sleeper, Woodbury, Magee, Snow, Nickerson, Dunn, and Otheman are the Committee; Messrs. Woodbury, Otheman and Nickerson the Building Committee.

The Hamilton Camp-meeting Association has purchased all the roads and grounds adjoining their lot, making an area of twenty acres. They have two dwelling-houses and twenty acres besides. It is suggested that they invite the National Camp-meeting here next year. We hope it will be invited, and accepted. It cannot do better. New areas for preaching

and tents will be arranged, and the boarding and other accommodations will be excellent.

The decoration of soldiers' graves was set down for the 30th inst. That comes on Sunday, and Gen. Logan issues an order permitting it to be done on the Saturday previous, or Sunday. A great error, and worse. Let him command it to be done on Saturday. The permission will be seized on by Irish and German soldiers for a grand military parade that day. Others will be tempted to do likewise. It will be a fearful desecration. The officers who direct in this matter must respect the feelings of the Christians who sustained their armies with prayer, purse, and a multitude of soldiers. Every church and minister will deeply regret this permit. Let it be recalled.

The Woman's Rights sisters get puzzled in the working out of their ideas. A lady asks, in *The Revolution*, whether she ought to sign her own, and original name, or one adopted from her husband, to a legal document. "Write," answers *The Revolution*, "your own name," and add, "wife of Richard Roe." But does Richard Roe write his, "husband of Mary Doe?" It is a poor rule that won't work both ways. If Miss (for why say Mrs.?) Mary Doe still calls herself by that address after marrying Mr. Richard Roe, and appends her relation to her husband to her official signature, so should he his to her in his signatures. No, Mrs. or Miss Revolution. They two shall be ONE flesh. If one, one name, whose you may question, but you yourselves see the absurdity of any other arrangement.

RUM'S DOINGS.—The most eminent newspaper man Boston ever produced, so far as business fact and success goes, died lately, in the prime of his days, a victim of intemperance. The most popular temperance lecturer, with one exception, that this section has ever known, has fallen a victim to his appetites. These two losses alone answer all the miserable talk about liberty and right to thus murder the souls and bodies of men.

What thousands upon thousands of cases belong to the same catalogue! Can any one doubt the duty of the State to save its children? But for the bar and the wine table of the hotels, these gentlemen would be in life and honor. It is Parker's and Richard's, and other first-class houses that do this work of death. How long, O Lord! how long?

A great rush is being made hereabouts in favor of free seats. The Baptist Social Union lately endorsed heartily the sentiment, "Free seats for all." *The Congregationalist* thinks the millennium will not come until this owning and renting of seats in the House of God comes to an end. The Baptist and Universalist societies in Malden have suspended the rights of pew-owners for a year, and thrown their pews open to all. We rejoice at this movement. It is one of the two blunders our fathers committed in New England. Our churches ought to rid themselves of it speedily. Let not other societies surpass us in this Christian duty. Westfield has lately made its seats free. Grace Church in this city, a very elegant structure, is thus more excellently gifted. May all the churches of Christ speedily follow their good example.

Original and Selected Papers.

SONGS OF SPRING.

Translations from Uhland.

I.

SPRING'S PREBAGES.

The soft delicious breath
Anew doth stir within me
Faint strains of melody.
Violets will bloom, it saith.

II.

SPRING'S FAITH.

The linden breezes blow so light,
They wave and rustle day and night,
They fly o'er sea and nation.
O fresh perfume! mellifluous breeze!
Come, weary heart, be now at ease;
Now all things suffer transformation.
The world grows fairer every day;
The coming glory none may say;
A bloom without cessation;
It decks the farthest, deepest vale,
Now, weary heart, forget thy wail!
Now all things suffer transformation.

III.

SPRING'S REST.

I will not lie beneath the ground;
The grave, fast closed from light and sound,
Shall not conceal me, dead,
But rather will I make my bed
In grass and flowers, where tenderly
Shall fall a flute's pure melody;
And in the dome above,
I'll watch the spring clouds softly move.

IV.

SPRING'S FESTIVAL.

Thou wondrous, golden day of spring!
Thou source of deep delights!
If e'er my song rose quick and free,
It now should wing its flight.
Yet wherefore, at a time like this,
Should I at labor stay?
The season is high festival;
Then let me rest and pray.

MARY S. ROBINSON.

GREET MARY.

BY PHEDRA PALMER.

Mary was a good housekeeper. At least so we have reason to infer. By general consent Paul has been classed among the bachelors. He did not lead about either wife or sister, as some of his more highly favored fellow-helpers. Not but that he had a right to, as other of the Apostles, and as Cephas, and the brethren of our Lord. But he waived the right.

He was a bachelor quite beyond life's meridian, and that he had neither wife, sister, or daughter, was not because his affectionate heart did not prize such companionship and help, but because there was a need be. Christianity was in its infancy and its poverty. And Paul was all absorbingly in love with Christ and His cause, and it was by the constraints of this love, that he gave himself up to be a homeless "single man."

And who can tell to how many inconveniences he was subjected? But he had a friend and her name was Mary. Though not a sister in the flesh, yet having been begotten with him in the bowels of Christ, she was a sister-spirit.

And who was this Mary? We know not, only that we may infer, that she was a kind-hearted, thoughtful, laborious sister in the Church, who "bestowed much labor" on the devoted, self-sacrificing Paul. She may have bestowed this labor amid much weariness. She might have been surrounded by a large family and had many household cares, making ceaseless exactings on her time and energies. But however that might have been, she was hospitable.

How many seem unmindful that to use hospitality without grudging, is a divinely enjoined duty. But Mary was mindful to entertain strangers. And what an angel of love and goodness did she entertain, when she received Paul to her house and bestowed so much willing labor upon him. Paul, being a single man, of course needed something more done, than that a table should be spread for him. During his two years stay in Rome, he needed that some one should have an eye to his wardrobe, &c.

Well, we do not know just what good Mary did, only that we are quite sure, that there must have been many nameless, loving assiduities on the part of this good sister, or Paul, in writing his beautiful, dignified letter to the Church of Rome, would not have said, "Greet Mary, who bestowed much labor on us."

Little did Mary imagine, while engaged in much labor during Paul's visit, that more than an angel pen was taking note of her humble toil. Yet so it was. The book of her life was being written. The humble service performed for Paul, was more than a cup of cold water. So

God caused it to be written in His Book. And surely as the WORD of the Lord endureth forever, so surely will the service Mary performed for Paul, be had in everlasting remembrance.

Toiling one; called to the performance of much service, remember that the great Master of the household has said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

THE HOLY CITY.

"Jerusalem is the mighty magnet that draws to itself men of every creed and of every clime," said to me an intelligent Arab, who had spent some time in England, as we sailed along the Levant. The vessel that bore us on was a proof of his assertion, for among the hundreds that sailed upon the Apollo, a large proportion was bound for the city of the Great King. Among the multitudes of Mohammedans, bound to the distant Mecca, were many who were content to see the Mosque of Omar, and worship in the holy place. Here was an Italian family making the pilgrimage to Jerusalem — there a Greek, hastening on to the sacred sites — across from us at the table a Greek Bishop from Thessaly rejoiced at the thought of being at the Holy Sepulchre at Easter, and whom we afterwards saw in the procession of priests. Lastly, there were many from the distant West, who had travelled farther than these to see with the bodily eye this wonderful city, hoary with the age of 3000 years.

My friend, if you are disappointed at first sight of Jerusalem, if you are utterly disgusted with its filth and its vermin, if, like some who have been there, you flee, a second Jonah, to Jaffa, or Tarshish, or anywhere else to escape, it is because you do not look upon the city with that spiritual eye that reconstructs the ancient places and beholds them as Christ saw them, when He wept over them, seeing their present desolation, if possible, more sad than the merely material ruins which Titus left behind him.

But view these scenes with other than the bodily eye — walk amid these streets and think of Him who walked and talked here "as never man spake" — revert in memory to the days of Solomon and his glory, and you shall find that not Rome, with all her glorious relics, not Athens, with all her classic charms, not Egypt, with her gray antiquity, not one, not all of these, have such magic power over the soul.

Look first at those physical features of Jerusalem and environs, that must have been the same in the time of Christ as to-day. The mountains are "round about Jerusalem" to-day, as when the Psalmist wrote, near thirty centuries ago. Scopus, Olivet, the Mount of Offense and the Hill of Evil Counsel, give the same landscape as then, and the more distant mountains rose upon the view of David, as upon the pilgrim of to-day. The Mount of Olives, along whose brow our Saviour so often walked, from whence He looked with such yearnings over the doomed city, and from whose summit He rose to the skies — you feel its inspiration as you climb it, and recount the great events which here transpired. The Garden of Gethsemane, near its base, was the same on that fearful night when our Jesus suffered for us. Of course there was not then a wall as around the present garden; perhaps no grotto as now shown, in which He sweat great drops of blood; these eight olive-trees are not the very same that witnessed His agony, but in this immediate vicinity, beneath such trees as these, near to this very spot, we may be sure, began the tragedy of Human Redemption. Wander among these pools and fountains, walk from the upper to the lower Pool of Gihon, step into the city and look upon the Pool of Hezekiah, pass on through the Dung Gate to the Fountain of the Virgin, climb over Ophel, and down again to the Pool of Siloam, "whose waters go softly," then down the valley to En Rogel, drink of these waters and muse upon their verge, and you feel that near these same fountains and over these same pools once and often stood our blessed Saviour.

Turn now to the architectural remains and the proper works of man, and see how much there is yet left, upon which the eyes of the Saviour often rested.

First of all the Temple area, mainly the same as in the time of Christ. Along the southeast corner of the wall are those mighty bevelled stones, that invariably tell of the ancient Jewish work and which are doubtless *in situ* still. Go far along towards the Beautiful Gate, the same is seen, and the same line maintained. On the opposite, the western side, all doubt is put to flight, and those ponderous stones are found which date from the times of Solomon. Near the southwestern corner of the Temple area is that remarkable remnant called Robinson's Arch, from which the bridge over the Tyropean sprang, and whose counter pier has been found by Captain Warren, forty-two feet away and at a depth of near seventy feet. A few hundred feet north of this and along the same wall is the Jews' Wailing-place, where are piled up in their ancient places the great stones of the Temple area. It was a sad sight to me, when I visited this famous place one Friday afternoon, and saw Jews, young and old, swaying back and forth, and sobbing as if their hearts would break, over these ancient memorials of their nation's glory. These stones were the very same which Christ and the disciples saw, and there can be no doubt that the walls enclosing the Temple plateau, were nearly, if not quite the same, as those which now enclose the ancient site.

On the opposite side of the city, just south of the Jaffa Gate, stands to-day in all its grim majesty, the Tower of

David, without doubt the Hippicus of Josephus and even the Fortress of Jerusalem. You look here upon an undoubted memorial of the olden time and one which reaches back to the time of the first wall around Jerusalem.

Some distance south of this and without the modern city is the traditional Tomb of David. No reasonable man can doubt that this is the very site where the aged king was buried, in his own city, and of which Peter could say "his tomb is with us to this day." Nor do I see reason to doubt this tradition, that dates from an early period, that the Lord's Supper was instituted in an upper room here, and that the Conaculum pointed out to the pilgrim, was the real scene of our Saviour's last instructions to His disciples, as well as the descent of the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost.

But there is one place more sacred than all, the very centre of the Holy City, and which all the skepticism of the doubting Thomases cannot wrest from me. I mean of course the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. No Christian man can enter it without bowing the head and the heart. Here since the time of Helena, as all admit, men have worshipped at Calvary and the Tomb. Here millions of pilgrims have come from the ends of the earth. Here warriors have laid down their sword and worshipped, as Baldwin's sword and spurs hang in one of these chapels. Here kings have laid aside their crowns and crept into the holy Tomb. Here to-day the shoes of pilgrims lie before the door of the Angel's Chapel, for this, to them, is holy ground. Take away all else, sweep aside the manifest superstitions and anachronisms, but leave to the devout pilgrim Calvary and the Grave of graves. History, tradition, Scripture, all point to the genuineness of these sacred spots and render Acre the spiritual centre of the earth. I have long since forgotten to sneer at any religion where is manifest sincerity of worship. It is a solemn spectacle to see the Arab, on his housetop, or on the deck of a vessel, bowing towards the Arabian shrine. The worship of the Jew fills me with thoughts of devotion. The Romish and Greek rituals even, bring profit to my soul, and shall I say that the worship of the devishes in Smyrna gave me a deeper view into man's spiritual nature. So, as I worshipped in the church of Jerusalem, as I followed the train from station to station, as I saw every nationality kneeling before the Holy Tomb, with lighted tapers and books of prayer, though I could not sanction all I saw, nor join in all I heard, yet I too, swelled the pean of joy that went up from this sacred spot and thanked God that I was privileged to look upon these holy places. Never can I forget those scenes; and the walks about Jerusalem will be fresh in memory, until the new and better, even the heavenly city — shall greet my vision, and I shall enter therein to go no more out forever.

JAMES E. LATIMER.

DOING AND BEING.

It is not the measure of one's ability, but the manner in which he uses it, that determines his position and influence in the world. It is impossible to attain the highest degree of power or influence except by properly using the lower degrees. A healthy and well developed physical organism is to be had only by a proper use of the various organs that go to make up the whole body. The mind must be worked in order to become strong, and temptations are but so many opportunities for bringing into action and thereby strengthening the moral faculties with which we are endowed.

The highest possible development and culture of all our powers is a noble object of pursuit, but the way to make them most beneficial to ourselves and others is a nobler. We assign the chief places in our grateful memories to those whose lives have been spent in toiling for the good of their race. The man of might is honored only as he has used his might for the disenthralment and elevation of his fellows. The wise man is praised only as he has scattered his words of wisdom, like precious gems, upon those beneath him. The good man is revered only as he has diffused the light and influence of his goodness among those around him. History brings to view what men have done, and the world forms its opinion of what they were from that evidence and gives its verdict accordingly. There may have been men of as great ability as Luther; the difference between him and them lay in this: he did something and they kept still. Wilberforce and Howard were wonderful men, but not in anything that they possessed above all other men, not in their wealth or learning or eloquence; they were wonderful in what they did. These men made themselves useful under God, and the world acknowledges its indebtedness to them and will continue to do so to its latest day. Perhaps no such mission as theirs is committed to us, but if we fulfill ours, humble as it may be, as faithfully as they fulfilled theirs, we shall have the same sweet consciousness of having done what we could, and the healthful fragrance of our lives will extend as widely as the knowledge of our names.

AN ILLUSTRATION. — Some while since Prof. Morley, of England, published an article in the London *Times*, announcing the fact that he had discovered a short poem by John Milton. He sent the poem with the communication. It had been found on a blank leaf of an early copy of Milton's Works in the British Museum, and was signed, apparently, J. M.

The discovery at once brought the critics down upon the poem. One able critic was sure it was Milton's. He only could have woven "the subtle melody" of its lines. Another, Lord Winchelsea, considered the poem mere rubbish,

and that if Milton wrote it at all, it must have been "in his dotege."

So the fight goes on, and opinions are divided. Authorities, critics, experts, fight on both sides. The case probably will never be decided.

It is suggestive as illustrating the value of a great deal of knowing and conceited learning, so-called, which has imposed on many unsuspecting people.

There are learned gentlemen in Germany, philologists, critics, Biblical scholars, etc., who claim to be able to tell the world, by internal evidence, and comparison of style, every chapter and verse which St. Paul or St. Peter wrote. They have decided what is the "Pauline style," what the "Petrine method," what the "Johannian arrangement." Such is their jargon — and they will reject this verse because it is clearly not "Petrine," and this chapter because it is evidently not "Pauline," and this whole epistle because "it is not the method of John," and some wise Englishman or American will take these German doctors at their word, and will inform us that "it is decided that this chapter was not written by Peter," or "that the ablest critics have proved that this epistle is not by John."

And this sort of stuff has imposed on a great many well-meaning and harmless converts, when put forth in a learned jargon by a great many very shallow socialists.

Now it is worth considering that Greek and Hebrew are not the native tongues of any regularly born German. He speaks, naturally, guttural "Hoch-Deutsch." He learns Greek and Hebrew painfully out of grammars and dictionaries. He has the birch applied to the process, and digs away patiently under that stimulus to attain the requisite modicum of each tongue, to enable him to talk and write about "Petrine," and "Pauline," "Jehovistic," "Elohistic," etc.

And this man, wearily picking up the dried bits of a dead tongue, out of grammar and vocabulary, utterly unable to pronounce a word of it as the men who spoke it did, will take it on him to tell us that a production, universally attributed to St. Paul, from the earliest day to his own, for some fancied peculiarity of construction or phrase, is not his, and cannot be his, because "criticism has decided the question!"

And now, here, as if to make "inextinguishable laughter" over the whole learned nonsense, comes a poem, in English, — the plain English we all speak — English a child can read, — written certainly, in London itself, by some one contemporary with Milton, and Englishmen, fellow countrymen of Milton, fellow townsmen of his, familiar with every line he ever wrote, critics, experts, poets even themselves, like Lord Winchelsea, — they cannot tell us whether this short poem, in the language they learned in their cradles, is John Milton's or not!

It gives us a good notion of the value of the German "Petrine" and "Pauline" dialect, and its high authority. But what does it suggest as to the value of the poor echo of that talk that one hears in the United States? — *Exchange.*

A MINISTER'S COURTESY. — Mr. Ely used to tell a little story of a brother clergyman, Rev. Mr. Gay, of Suffield, which story was a good illustration of Yankee "cuteness." Several similar anecdotes have appeared in print; but this is a genuine "Simon Pure," I believe.

Among Mr. Gay's parishioners was a well-to-do farmer, named, we will say, Brown, who was especially generous in his free-will tithes to the good minister. This farmer's errand and "chore" boy getting big enough to take his place at the plough, a new boy was taken into service — a rough, untrained little fellow, I think from the poor-house. To him the promoted boy discoursed quite condescendingly; "You hav got into a pretty nice place, I tell you; and if you behave they'll use you well, give you plenty of good victuals, a suit of Sunday clothes, winter-schoolin', and not work you tew hard. But one thing — you'll have to go on errands to the minister's pretty often, and lug big baskets of things; and the worst of it is that you'll never get nothing but thanks from the parson and his folks — not so much as a shillin', for your pains."

Johnny heard and pondered; and it happened that the very next morning he was sent to the minister's with a heavy quarter of veal, about as much as he could carry. The way was long and the weather was warm, and when he reached the parsonage he was not in the sweetest of tempers. He marched into the breakfast-room, without knocking or removing his hat; and, setting down his basket, said, rather gruffly: "Mr. Gay, Mr. Brown has sent you this here quarter of veal."

"Ah! indeed," said the minister, blandly, "I am obliged to him. Are you Mr. Brown's new boy?"

"Yes."

"Well, my lad, when you have been in his family a while longer, your manners will doubtless improve."

"Why, what's the matter with your manners?" asked the boy, with a look of stupid astonishment.

"Why, my son, they are a little abrupt and discourteous. Now your way of presenting Mr. Brown's present was not just what it should have been. I think I can show you, so that you will know just how to do next time. I will personate you, and you may pretend you are me, for a few minutes."

Saying this, the minister took up the basket, went with it into the entry and closed the door. Then he knocked gently.

The boy, having seated himself in the minister's chair, and put on a grave and reverent aspect, called out, "Come in."

Entering very quietly and deferentially, though with difficulty preserving his gravity, holding his hat in one hand and the basket in the other, the minister approached his small proxy, and said, with a low bow: "Mr. Brown sends his compliments, and begs you will accept this quarter of veal, Mr. Gay."

"I am very much obliged to Mr. Brown, and to you too my fine boy," said Johnny, with the air of the utmost seriousness; "but it seems to me it's a big load for so small a lad to carry. Just take it into the kitchen, and ask Mrs. Gay to give you a quarter of a dollar."

Nobody ever enjoyed this story more than Mr. Gay him-

self; except, perhaps, Mrs. Gay, who promptly paid over the quarter to the clever little actor.

He ought to have made a great lawyer. Perhaps he did, and ended his days on the Beach; — *GRACE GREENWOOD, in the Independent.*

THEN AND NOW.

"Not this man, but Barabbas." — *Jesus xviii. 40.*

Not Jesus but Barabbas,
Cried the Jews unto the king,
When at the Passover he spoke
Of Mercy's offering.
They spurned the love that spoke in tears,
The love that suffered long,
And chose the author of their fears,
Who lived to do them wrong.

Not Jesus but Barabbas,
Says the stubborn heart to-day,
When Christ stands knocking at the door,
And thence is spurned away.
Another wound we give the Lord,
Another galling thorn,
When to His overtures of love
We turn our bitter scorn.

CALLENE FISK.

THE BIBLE PROVIDENTIALLY DEMANDED AND SUPPLIED. — We see how fully God answers the prayers of his people, who are thirsting for the word of life. It was in the latter part of the fourteenth century, and the early part of the fifteenth, that this strong and wide-spread feeling was awakened in the public mind. The art of printing was then unknown; and within a few years afterward, the press began its noble work for the enlightenment of nations. It is of little consequence whether Kester, Guttenberg, Faust, or Scheffer is to be viewed as the chief inventor. The probability is that they all did something to improve the art while in its infancy; but the Christian will not fail to observe that the art itself was brought into use immediately after the prayers of the Church were enlisted for a wider spread of the Holy Scriptures. The people asked for Bibles, and longed for Bibles. The copyists could not furnish them so as to place them within the reach of the people; and God, in his wise providence, then brought to light a discovery which would supply the ever-increasing and earnest demand. It should never be forgotten that the Bible, the Bible read by the people, the Bible in the hands of the people, the Bible furnished to the people, as the press alone can furnish it, was the great instrument of the Reformation. So obvious was this to the few, as well as the friends of that great event, that the observation was made by a sagacious Roman priest: "Either we must root out the press, or the press will root out us."

Another event of the same significant import is to be found at a later day. At the beginning of the present century, a zeal for the spread of the Scriptures throughout the world seemed to pervade the whole of Protestant Christendom. Societies, such as the British and Foreign Bible Society and the American Bible Society, sprung into being, and created a new era in the Church for the spread of God's word. Previous to this period, printing was a comparatively slow process; but now and since this seal has been awakened to multiply Bibles, the press has been so improved by the application of steam and otherwise, that one man can do the work of twenty, and the book can be furnished at a fraction of its former price.

How plainly do these circumstances in the history of the Bible show that when God's people desire to promote his cause, and are willing to labor for it, he will not fail to provide the way to success. We are never straitened in Him. His gifts are always ready and wisely prepared. They are kept back only by our want of faith, our want of desire and diligence in commanded duty. — *Bible Record.*

THE EVILS OF TOTAL ABSTINENCE! — How fearful they are! Does the father tremble for his son when he does not "look upon the wine," or when he tips the cup? Are those families most afflicted, in which the sons "touch not, taste not, handle not?" O, this great evil of total abstinence! What a hard time the children of Israel must have had in their forty years' journey, during all of which "they drank neither wine nor strong drink!" To put up with such an evil forty years, only think of it! We suppose that they submitted because of the object to be secured — "That thou mightest know that I am the Lord your God." According to Dr. B., a little wine must have been necessary for them to understand that "I am the Lord your God," since "total abstinence is right in the face of the gospel." God might have miraculously drawn wine instead of water out of the rocks, and he ought to have done it; if Dr. B. is correct, so as to harmonize with the gospel. Perhaps the Lord made a mistake and insisted upon total abstinence during the forty years, when it was not necessary. And there was Samson and his mother forbidden to drink "wine nor strong drink;" perhaps that was the reason Samson became such a weak, puny fellow! And there was Daniel, who would not defile himself with the king's wine; and John the Baptist, who drank "neither wine nor strong drink;" what an evil to them! The first appeared fairer than all the children who drank of the king's wine; and the latter was "filled with the Holy Ghost." What evils! And the Rechabites and Nazarites, who were bound to drink no wine, were they not cursed with the *BLESSING* of God? "Ye shall drink no wine, ye, nor your sons forever, that ye may live long in the land wherein you are strangers." Direful calamity! And there was good Aaron too; doubtless the Lord wanted to punish him for something, and so "The Lord spake to Aaron, saying, Do not drink wine nor strong drink, thou nor thy sons with thee, when ye go into the tabernacle of the congregation, lest ye die." Just

as if a man would die in the sanctuary if he drank wine! Dr. B. would say, "Did not Nadab and Abihu die because they were total abstainers?" If Dr. Blagden be correct, then there is an error probably in our translation of the Bible, where it is said, "It is not for kings, O Samuel, it is not for kings to drink wine, nor for princes strong drink," etc. It should read, according to Dr. B., "It is for [dropping not] kings to drink wine, and princes strong drink, lest failing to drink, they forget the law, and pervert the judgment of any of the afflicted." — *The Nation.*

DEATH OF FLETCHER. — All through the early part of the week he lay very ill, able to speak little, but full of joy and peace, and delighting greatly in hearing his wife read hymns and treatises on faith and love. On Thursday and Friday he spoke very little, but seemed to take peculiar pleasure in the text, "God is love," and in the verse of a hymn containing these words, —

"The blood of Christ through earth and skies,
Mercy — free, boundless mercy criss;
Mercy's full power I soon shall prove —
Loved with an everlasting love."

On Saturday afternoon the fever seemed to leave him for a little time, and he became so much more like himself that a friend said, "Do you think the Lord will raise you up?" He strove to answer, but could only just pronounce the words, "Raise me up in the resurrection." To another who asked the same question, he said, "I leave it all to God."

On Saturday evening the fever returned again, and with greater violence than ever. It became evident that he was dying very fast. His wife then said, "My dear creature, I ask not for myself — I know thy soul — but I ask for the sake of others. If Jesus be very present with thee, lift up thy right hand." Immediately he did so. "If the prospect of glory sweetly open before thee, repeat the sign." He instantly raised his hand again, and in half a minute raised it a second time. He then threw it up, as if he would reach the top of the bed. After this he moved and spoke no more, excepting when Mrs. Fletcher said, "Art thou in pain?" when he answered, "No." From that time he lay in a kind of sleep, though with his eyes open and fixed, sitting upright in his bed, with his head leaning on pillows. Eighteen hours he continued in this position, breathing quietly like a person in common sleep, and with a countenance so calm and composed that not a trace of death could be seen on it. During this period many of his mourning parishioners, who had assembled for Sunday service, were permitted to walk through the house, and past the open door of his bedroom, and to see his much loved face once more. At length, at half-past ten on Sunday night, August 14th, he fell asleep in Christ, without a struggle or groan, and entered into the joy of his Lord. — *J. C. Ryle.*

THE BIBLE AND THE ART OF PRINTING. — Wickliffe has been called the morning star of the Reformation. The dawn of that great era appeared when he translated the Bible into the English language. When the Scriptures were prohibited to the laity by Rome, he openly and earnestly taught that the holy book was designed for all; and his life and labors corresponded with this doctrine. Amid the severest persecutions waged against him, he still persevered in his grand object, and at his death he saw the great work so completed, that every man in England could read or hear read the word of God "in the language wherein he was born." The persecutions which had pursued him during his life were not satisfied when he died. When it was seen what a thirst he had created among the people for the Bible, an order was sent from Rome that his remains should be taken from the grave and cast upon a dunghill. The order was obeyed in part. His bones were disinterred and burnt to ashes, then cast into a brook which entered the Avon, and thus, in the words of Fuller, the historian, "they were conveyed from the Avon to the Severn, from the Severn to a narrow sea, from the narrow sea into the wide ocean — the ashes of Wickliffe thus becoming an emblem of his doctrine, which is now dispersed all the world over."

METHODISM ONCE. — We can recall the time in which there were but two collegiate graduates in our ministry, and not a single title of Doctor of Divinity; in which a theological seminary would have been considered a fatal, practical heresy; in which there was not a single steeple or cupola on our churches, and no pews except in the village of Lynn, Mass. (and that example was denounced, not only by the General Conference, but by the New England Conference itself); in which there was but one bell on all our church edifices, and that was at the private chapel of Perry Hall, in Maryland, used to call to worship the slaves of the large plantation of Harry Dorsey Gough; the time when Asbury, hearing the second bell, in Virginia, mourned at the sound, as at the funeral knell of the denomination, and imprecated the curse of God on the innovation; when the sexes sat apart in our congregations, separating Christian families, and this by solemn prescription of the Discipline; when the preachers wore their hair in style traditionally sacred, and the people had a costume as rigidly maintained as Quakerism; when our churches or chapels were built like barns, and architectural taste or ornamentation was esteemed worldliness, and tacitly, if not openly, reprobated. — *The Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

The twenty churches of Springfield, Mass., contain seats for 12,300 persons, of which the Congregational furnish 3,350: Methodist, 2,200; Unitarian, 2,000; Baptist, 1,800; Romanist, 1,600; Episcopal, 450; Universalist, 400; Adventists, 300; Swedenborgian, 200.

For the Children.

THE LITTLE HERO.

Along a rugged line of coast,
Stretched darkly by the moaning sea,
The sleet and hail, by fitful blasts,
Were dashed and driven furiously.

Far out, tumultuous billows rose,
And landward, with a deafening roar,
They headlong rushed, to burst apart,
And foam along the trembling shore.

The low beach-bushes, stiff with ice,
The frowning rocks, all ice-bound, too,
The loud, in-rolling tide, were all
That met a little wanderer's view.

A half-drowned wail of ocean, he—
Flung up, like sea-weed, from the wave—
Escaped the breaker; from the gale
Might he his faint life hope to save?

He shuddered as the chilling mist
And drenching showers of freezing spray,
Flung round and o'er him by the tide,
And smitten coast rocks, checked his way.

His heart was torn by sights and sounds,
That eyes and ears no longer knew;
The cracking mast, the tattered sail,
The gallant but despairing crew.

"The dead! the dead! how well they sleep,
Why did I try my life to save?
Better, than perish here alone,
To share my shipmates' ocean grave."

So groaned the boy, as, staggering on,
Through the thick storm, his limbs he strained;
Loud shrieked the blast, and whirled apart
The mist a moment, so he gained

A lengthened view of coast and cliff;
And, where a granite boulder reared
Defiant forehead to the waves,
A sight that nerved his heart appeared.

It held him for a moment still;
Then, forward leaping, with a cry,
He clasped three freezing infants close,
And soothed and cheered them tenderly.

The three, like him, the waves had cast
Upon that drear, unfriendly shore,
Parted from all, and hoping not
To look upon their parents more.

He gathered them beneath the rock;
Plucked mosses for a rude, soft bed;
Wrapped in his garments, they, at last,
Were sleeping sweetly, comforted.

And still beside them all the night,
Stiffened and numb with frozen spray,
The little hero held his watch;
Then, while they slept, at break of day,

He, in a clear new morning's light
Went forth to seek for help, and met
The parents, "By yon rock," he said,
"Your babes are safely sleeping yet."

Then he, poor boy! went feebly on,
Hoping some place of rest to find;
The happy parents soon returned;
"O!" said they to their babes, "how kind—

"For pity! What! now God forbid!
They, wild with fear and anguish cry,
"Was he so spent? This woeful death
Should our brave benefactor die?"*

Yes, dead, quite dead upon the crusted snow,
His young head resting on his faithful hand,
The little hero lay; while, bright and calm,
The blue sea lapped the land.

* The noble Newfoundland boy, cast ashore on Labrador, lay down and died near the spot on which he met the parents of his little charge. His name, unknown now, will be proclaimed when "the books are opened." The incident was graphically narrated by "Harry Bolingbroke" in *Oliver Optic's Magazine*, last fall.

THE OLD CHURCH DOOR.

BY MISS ANNA WARNER.

PART II. CHAP. VII.

"The unfruitful works of darkness," how aptly are they named!—how surely "be that doeth evil hateth the light." "And what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

Very fruitless so far had been Sam Dodd's gain and loss of a gold pencil, and fruitless enough were all his musings that night as to how he should get it again. Very black and dark grew his thoughts in consequence. But the evening passed on,—something must be done; and Sam resolved that just so soon as the house was quiet and everybody asleep, he would steal into his father's room, find out the chair where his clothes lay, and then

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by ANNA WARNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.)

softly search out the pencil, in whichever pocket it might lie hid.

"It's a plaguy thing to do!" Sam muttered to himself; "but I don't see as there's nothin' else."

And even as he said it there came floating across his mind,—

"There's room in God's eternal love
To save thy precious soul."

Sam paused for an instant, holding his breath. But then he started up, swung himself down the stairs, and dashed into the public sitting-room, as if, of all things in the world, he was most afraid of himself.

It was later than he thought. All the men were gone,—though how far they had got from the house might be doubted, considering the state in which they left it, and the state in which Sam had left their horses. But the room was quiet and empty; James Dodd stood there alone, and Sam's entrance was clearly an interruption,—though to what, Sam could not tell. His father merely faced round upon him, coolly inquiring "how many ghosts he'd seen now?"

"Thought you called," said Sam gruffly.

"Well I didn't,—and you didn't," said his father, with brief emphasis. And composedly laying off coat and vest, James Dodd proceeded to take others from a closet and equip himself in them. Sam looked on, wondering.

"If anybody comes to the door while I'm out, you're not to let 'em in," said Dodd, as he buttoned his coat. "So just to save you trouble, I'll take the key. Better go back and finish your nap, Sam. Playin' good boy" is hard work." And with a little mocking nod, he went out, locking the door behind him.

Sam set his teeth as he heard it, standing still in sowlng doubt. Then he ran to the back door, and after a glance at its many bolts and bars all securely drawn and in place, turned off to a side window and opened that. The next instant he had let himself down, dropping softly on the grass below. Then round the house like a deer—but there was no trace nor sight nor sound of his father. It was so late that even Vinegar Hill had taken to itself a sort of hush; with part of its people asleep, and those who were abroad moving with steps as noiseless as Sam's own. The moon was beginning to silver the dark horizon; the bushes waved slightly in the summer air; the tree-toads cried and answered each other; the night moved on. Again Sam stood still in utter doubt and uncertainty, with not a sight nor a sound to guide him. Then he went a little way down one path,—then a little way down another,—then stood still once more.

"Taint a single spec' of use!" he said, despairingly. "I've just lost my chance." And again, he could not tell why, the sweet words came:—

"There's room in heaven, among the choir,
And harps and crowns of gold."

That would not do!—Sam darted off among the bushes, doubling and turning as if some evil thing were after him. But as he went, I am sure he did not know what made him draw a long, long breath that had wellnigh been a sigh.

"I vow, I do s'pose I'm tired!" he said, bringing up under the shadow of the bushes. "Must be that as ails me. And 'taint no use,—I said it warn't, to begin. Just as good go back to get kinder set up, and then ye see I'll know where I am. He's fur enough, by this."

Softly and leisurely now Sam retraced his steps, reached the house, went round to his window—and behold it was shut! So were the other windows, and the doors—every one. Shut and fastened. Sam would have thought little of breaking a pane of glass had one only been within his reach; but the thick, long window shutters were almost as impenetrable as the doors. Worst of all, as he peered through the big key-hole from which James Dodd had so carefully taken the key, Sam perceived that the key itself hindered his view. And with that, even as he made sure of the fact, his ears caught sound of a brilliant whistle inside the door, which could have come from no throat but that of James Dodd himself.

Children, when the Lord brings His people into times of trial and places of difficulty,—and sometimes He does this,—He never leaves them there alone. He goes before them, He stands by them, He holds them by the hand. But if ever the Devil tempts you, and you follow him, then you will have many a chance to know how Sam Dodd felt that night. Baffled, outwitted, laughed at; his treasure gone, his revenge cut off,—Sam felt as if his very wits had forsaken him, and his father had fooled him right through. He did not dare knock, he did not dare give a harder pull at the window shutters; and the open window of his little garret was hopelessly far above his reach. Now the light came gleaming through cracks and keyholes, as James Dodd went whistling round the house,—then it shone full and strong from Sam's own window. His father was looking for him!—making sure he was not in. Then suddenly the light was kept back, and from that same little window James Dodd's head and shoulders leaned out into the moonlight. Sam shrank away among the bushes, keeping carefully out of sight and once off at a safe distance, he threw himself down on the ground and cried for rage. He had lost so much, and he had gained nothing!

Meanwhile, stealthy steps came up from another quarter, and Sam was roused at last by a pretty smart application of somebody's foot.

"What's here?" said the voice of Jem Crooks. "Taint nobody fainted 'long o' hevin' too many feelin's, I don't think."

"Leave a feller be, can't ye?" growled Sam.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Jem Crooks, "what's to pay now? Looking for small change in the grass, Sammy? Hain't been no overturn o' one o' yer father's rich customers? I say, Sammy, let's go shares."

Sam swore at him, but deigned no other reply.

"What ye lyin' there for like a smashed toad?" said Jem Crooks, contemptuously.

"Tain't none o' your business, if I take a likin' to sleepin' out o' doors, is it?" said Sam, raising himself on one elbow. "It's so confounded hot inside o' all them winder shutters!"

"Old Dodd inside?" said Jem. Sam nodded.

"Well, I wouldn't wonder if he did make it sort o' warm, by spells," said Jem Crooks. "Quite a lively notion o' stirrin' round, he has. However, I ain't got time to attend to him. Time I was gettin' breakfast."

"Breakfast!" drawled Sam. "Didn't the poor boy get no supper?"

"Ah!" said Jem Crooks. "Won't go into partic'lar fear o' makin' yer mouth water. But I finds breakfast easiest over night, Sam Dodd. Ye see new milk's partial to my constitution,—and tain't nigh so handy to get it after the cows has been driv home, as it is afore. Barnyard's further off."

"And folks is nearer," said Sam. Jem Crooks nodded.

"Well—that ain't a bad idee—on the whole," said Sam, getting up. "I'm as dry as a brook bed, myself. Which way, Jem?"

"I'm a going to the parson's this time," said Jem. "Find it agrees with me to change cows pretty often."

"But the parson ain't got but one," said Sam, hesitating.

"No more he ain't," said Jem, carelessly. "Hope it's a good one. Come on!"

And Sam did "come on"—though with a queer little feeling of compunction.

The parson was nothing to him,—Sam had never come within range of even one of his kind words, and had stolen his apples with immense satisfaction. But somehow now, the parson and Mrs. Kensett and the words of that hymn had all got mixed up together in Sam's mind, and he could not separate them, do what he would. Still some grains of good lay hid in his heart, struggling to grow: still the fowls of the air kept close watch to gather them up. Ah, had Sam but watched against them!

"If it's a good cow," said Jem Crooks, as they walked along, "then ye see there'll be enough left from my breakfast to pay Widow Camp for the six cents she'll owe me about that time."

Sam made no answer,—his thoughts were busy again with the King's feast, and the kind lady who had told him of it, and the feast she had promised them herself at her own house. Jem Crooks glanced at him once or twice, but for a while said nothing. Then he burst forth, "I say, Sammy! what an uncommon, wonderful, A. 1 woman, that 'ere is, up to the church arternoons! I vow I'm so fond of her I don't hardly know what to do. Time seems long till arternoon comes. Days is kinder long now, ye know." Jem added with a deep sigh.

"Goin' there to-night?" said Sam, abruptly.

"Goin' where?"

"Down to her house, to tea."

"Ha! ha! ha!" said Jem Crooks. "Why, 'tis to-night, ain't it!—leastways s'posin' this was to-day—which it ain't. To think o' my forgettin' an invite out to tea!"

"Well, are you goin'?" said Sam impatiently.

"Don't see as I can, no ways," said Jem. "My best company manners ain't come yet, Sam,—express must ha' broke down, likely. And there ain't none ready made about town. Not as I knows on. And besides," added Jem, dropping his voice to a confidential whisper, "I never does care so much about goin' out to tea when I has new milk for breakfast. Kinder satisfies me like, for all day."

And Jem swung himself over the bars into the little meadow where the parson's cow was feeding, and said no more.

ENIGMA NO. 13.

I am composed of 32 letters.

My 30, 15, 6, 10, 18, 20, 26, 27, 2, 16, 5 was a king's officer.

My 9, 2, 7, 19, 1, 3, 24 is a great book with the Brahmins.

My 32, 25, 21, 17 is a period of time.

My 31, 22, 12, 10, 18 was highly esteemed in Egypt.

My 22, 28, 14, 1, 23, 3 is little.

My 11, 12, 8 is possessed by few.

My 4 is in one of the Southern States.

My whole is found in Psalms.

S. E. S.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA NO. 12.

Lord, save us.

QUESTION FOR THE CHILDREN.

What titles are applied to Christ in the Bible?

SAMOTH.

A Kentucky cat is playing the mother to three young raccoons, and does it very well.

Correspondence.

COUNTRY QUARTERS.

MIDDLETOWN, Vt.

Could I but transfer to paper or to canvass the charming scene that is now before me, happy were I! "High and lifted up" I stand, upon a hoary rock that rears its head where it can keep ceaseless watch over snug homestead and fruitful field, and where also it, of old time, watched "the mining diggers" of this region, whose history is now being written by Mr. Barnes Frisbie, an enthusiastic admirer and lover of this his native town. And well he may admire it. A green and lovely valley, girt by hills, and threaded by shining streams, humming with varied industries, and now doubly alive because of the return to sight and reach of the healing fountains that many years ago were filled up and hidden by a dreadful freshet. Middletown is certainly a very attractive spot. From the side of a mountain to which I this morning climbed, I could take in at a glance the village, with its green centre square, a "meeting-house" on each of three sides of it, and a hotel on the fourth side; the Springs, and all the busy scenes about them; the white roads stretching away over the hills in various directions; the fruitful intervals skirted by elms, and dotted by cattle; the cozy, sunny farms on the sloping sides of mountains or in the valley; and the river and its tributary streams, now hastening from all the uplands, to pour themselves into its bosom. Farmers with their teams were in the fields, and a few women were out of doors at work. What a pity it is that women have so much house-work to do that they can find little time for work out in the fresh air, under the cheerful, health-giving sun. Can there not be an improvement in this respect? The song of "John Dobson" makes it to appear that house-work is the very hardest kind of work; and why, then, should not the men take a turn at it, once or twice a week, and let the women manage out of doors?

Joking aside, there is much out-of-door labor that women can perform even better than men can; and sure I am that scrubbing, washing, making soap, and churning, are much fitter work for men than for women. Since coming into the country I have, to my surprise and satisfaction, discovered how very little the expense of good, wholesome living really is. It is waste only that costs. My urgent advice to every one with an income of from one hundred to five hundred dollars, who loves independence, is, go and live in the country. You can do it, and be as free and independent as a lord. I would actually be ashamed to tell how much less than a dollar per week my whole expenses for living are; and I never did live, and I never wish to live, any better than I do here. But I don't waste six dollars a week for board, indeed. Catch me to pay it again.

But I was about to say that the very pleasantest view I have had of the localities of this town, I obtain from this Lover's Rock. The pretty cottage whose chimneys do not rise so high as my feet stand, was the home of Judge Frisbie in his boyhood; and no wonder that the influence of the scenes about it was like enchantment to him. Mine is not the hand that can fitly describe those scenes. This rock—which kind Providence has furnished with seats and footstools—obtained its name from rather a curious circumstance. A lady and gentleman, who, many years ago, were boarding at the hotel,—which is very old, and its air seems full of stories of its past,—walked out one day to view the prospect. They were strangers to each other; but both being on the same errand, and both turning the same way, they, in the free, pleasant way of the country, began a conversation with each other. As they both admired the lovely scene through which they were slowly passing, they grew warmer and more confidential in their talk, and, at last, climbing to the summit of an enormous rock at some distance from the road, they gazed and gazed about them, all entranced, and scarcely realizing what they said or did, they clasped hands, and discovered that the beauty before their eyes had imparted its charm to them, and that it had so bewitched them that they were lovers. After a long stay upon that wonderful rock they returned to the hotel, and were at once married. This, I am told by a splendid old inhabitant of Middletown, Dr. Clarke, 83 years of age, and yet hale, hearty, intelligent, and of good courage and cheer, is a true story. Since that day it has been the chosen spot of lovers, particularly of bashful ones, who there seemed to obtain mysterious power to speak their feelings. From this the rock gained the name of being enchanted. And, really, it does seem as if it were imparting new life and vigor to my—feet. The old-fashioned spring seems to be working back into them. Perhaps, however, it may be the effect of the waters of the Healing Springs of Meers, Gray & Clark; for I have been helping myself liberally to each one of them. I suppose those old time lovers used to drink from them, and then come up here. One seated at yonder upper windows could look up and see distinctly the forms against the sky, and could, very likely, hear all that was said on the rock, unless the words were very, very low. Even a whisper falling hence through the still air of evening, might very well find its way in at these end windows. What a jolly place for an inquiring mind the boy Barnes did have for his sleeping quarters!

Middletown is the very spot where nobody dies. I had always been told that it was somewhere in Vermont; but I did not expect to actually find it. I imagined that, like the place where the end of the rainbow rests over that pot of money, or like the tail that you are to put salt on (and so catch the bird), it would be ever receding, and shyly hiding away from sight. But not so; I've found it. Not a single death in the town—and there are from seven to nine hundred

inhabitants, besides all the visitors—not a death since the Springs came back, last June. Is not that something worth knowing? It is piteous, though, to see the pale faces and wasted forms that are passing to and from these fountains. I fear, I fear that all will not find what they are seeking. I would it were certain that all were as earnestly seeking a treasure that, by such earnest seeking, they all might find.

May 3.—Back in Poultney, and—horrible to relate—is the whole country, from northern mountain top to southern mountain top, is covered with snow. It came on Saturday night and Sunday, and this forenoon it had not done falling. But Vermont is a charming State for all this, and—attend all! it yields the most grain to the acre of any State in the Union. I saw the estimate last week, and it made me nod with satisfaction; for one of my pet opinions is, that New England is the best place to live in that the sun shines on. Maine yields next best. AUGUSTA MOORE.

Our Book Table.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC.

FISHING IN AMERICAN WATERS, by Genio C. Scott (Harper Bros.) is a large volume, largely illustrated with all manner of fish and fishermen, flies, rods, and pools, with dissertations on fish in general and particular, and mots, stories, and everything to make glad the heart of a piscator. The only pleasure we are aware of in fishing is to lie on the bank, or in the boat, while the rod-man is patiently waiting his nibble. Yet there are enough who find sport in this pursuit to make a demand for such a volume as this. To all such its contents will be as enjoyable as is the first faint rubbing of a trout's nose against the alluring fly to that sleepless nerve in the hand that so quietly holds the rod. Apart from these fancy fishermen, the work will be found useful to the great practical class who wish to raise this article of food. It is full of information concerning fish-ponds, fish-raising, and the other branches of a growing and most important business.

ADVENTURES IN THE WILDERNESS: or, Camp life in the Adirondacks, by W. H. H. Murray. Fields, Osgood & Co. It is not often that a man under thirty achieves distinction in such seemingly contrary departments as preacher, sportsman, and writer. But Mr. Murray seems in a fair way of conquering all these situations. He is one of the most popular of preachers, one of the best of hunters and fishers, and now proves himself above the average of writers. This is a book for the summer woods. Adirondack is getting to be as common as the Franconia. The slaughter of deer there is making this beautiful creature as rare as the lynx and the loon; and we have seen, nay, more, experienced the blessings of lounging all day on its lakes, vainly trying to allure a trout into the boat, and only having abounding and abominable luck with the chub, the Northern Irish and Southern Negro of the Adirondack Lakes,—very numerous and very much despised. Trout and deer are so fast becoming things of the past, that this book will be a reminiscence ere long, unless New York adopts some game laws for that region more stringent, and more stringently executed than any she now enacts, and does not execute.

There is full information here about rods and rifles, flies and canoes, dress, living, and expense in the Adirondacks. There is also much vigorous and some fine writing; the blooded horse runs away with its driver sometimes. He puts oaths into the lips of his hunters, an unclerical act; but it is evident the clerical habit is entirely laid off in the composition, as in the life it describes. An old *habitué* of the Adirondacks, who has heard its hunters swear, thinks the person don't put it down correctly. He would naturally blunder, through inexperience. This, and one or two other blemishes apart, the book will be found a lively companion for a summer ramble. If it were quieter in its tone it would be more agreeable; none of the lounging of Izak Walton is here. The trout are always leaping; the horses always racing. Let us have peace.

THE FARMER'S AND MECHANIC'S MANUAL, with many valuable tables for Machinists, Manufacturers, Merchants, Builders, Engineers, Masons, Painters, Plumbers, Gardeners, Accountants, etc., by A. S. Courtney. Revised and enlarged by Geo. S. Waring, Jr. Two hundred illustrations. New York: E. B. Treat & Co. That title tells the story. It is a good dictionary of useful arts. Its five hundred pages tell five thousand things five millions of people want to know. If its sale is at all proportioned to its utility, it will give its publishers a grand treat.

LITTLE WOMEN, by Miss Alcott (Roberts Bros.) continues the former story, and improves upon it. She takes her girls abroad, and sends one of them to heaven. The story of "Beth's" death is sweetly and pathetically told, though no future life fills the dying talk. Considering the exceedingly anti-evangelical atmosphere in which the writer has been educated, it becomes almost Christian. She makes "Pilgrim's Progress" the favorite book of the dying girl, though she has no Bible around, and no holy, Christy communion. Never once is the Lord's name mentioned. The "Pilgrim's Progress" gives a semi-saintly lustre to the scene, though fainter than it would have been had the Word of God been a lamp unto her feet, and a light unto her path. Her life goes out "with no farewell, but one loving look, and a little sigh." How far below the exultations of a Christian death-bed! She says, "Selidom, except in books, do the dying utter memorable words, see visions, or depart with beatified countenances." Not so. Our "Righteous Dead" weekly disproves this statement. The Christian death-bed, over the land, almost hourly answers it. It shows the contrast between faith in Christ and Nirvana, and how dark are many deathbeds in New England through the eclipse of faith.

THE BIBLE HAND-BOOK, an Introduction to the Study of the Scriptures, by Joseph Angus, D. D. With Revisions, Notes, and an Index of Scripture Texts, by Rev. Francis S. Hoyt, A. M. Crown, 8vo, 781 pp., large type, and Map of the Known World at the Christian Era. James S. Claxton. Philadelphia. 1869.

This is, we believe, the third American edition of a book which has already become a standard work. It is undoubtedly the best and most concise introduction to the Scriptures extant, compressing, into comparatively few pages, an immense amount of matter essential to be known by clergymen, Sunday-school teachers, professors

of theology, and the private Christian. But such is its style and arrangement, that it meets the wants of the scholar and the unlettered man.

The work has been so much enlarged and improved by the editor of this edition, as to make it almost a new work. The editor's care and learning have been chiefly expended in making such changes in the original text as were required by the recent extraordinary advance in sound Biblical criticism, and in a knowledge of the topography and natural history of the lands of the Bible. Careful attention seems to have been paid to the correction of the Hebrew words, and their English equivalents, and in supplying, where useful, vowel points. Great labor has also been given to the verification and correction of the almost numberless Scripture references; and errors, to the number of hundreds, have been corrected. Valuable, though brief, notes, have been added; but the chief feature, of practical value to the student, is the addition of forty pages of Index matter, by which any Scripture text or reference can be easily found.

We commend this edition of the book to all engaged in the study of Scriptures, or who desire to gain an intelligent knowledge of the proofs, history, and literature of the same.

We welcome this first fruit of the ripe scholarship of Prof. Hoyt, and we hope to hear frequently from him in this and cognate departments. For sale by Lee & Shepard.

WONDERS OF HEAT, THUNDER AND LIGHTNING (Charles Scribner & Co.), are two very interesting compilations of latest information on these subjects, put into a form that every boy and girl, of any age, will like to read. They are excellent alternatives, in Sunday-school libraries, for fictitious goodie. Let the children read something about the goodness and greatness of God in heat and cold, and discern His Divinity in His paths for the lightning and the thunder.

THE ILLUSTRATED BIBLE BIOGRAPHY (Lee & Shepard), merits the cordial welcome it has received from the Christian public; and we recommend it to our readers, not only as an efficient aid in the study of the Scriptures, but as an admirable book for general circulation. Its structure is such that it is equally well adapted for continuous reading, for reference, or for the examination of views of standard authorities on the broad topic of "Evidences." The series of biographies not only covers the lives of the eminent personages of the Bible, but embraces an amount of historical, geographical, and statistical information illustrative of places and scenes identified with sacred lands and literature, that is seldom found in one volume. The whole tendency of the work is good, and directs attention to the Bible in a way to secure confidence in the sacred record as the authentic revelation of God's holy will. There cannot be too many books of this character; and in these days, when so many and so persistent efforts are made to undermine our whole religious faith, and thus relieve man of any responsibility to his Maker (if so be he has one, and is not a Darwinian development), a book of this character is to be welcomed. The narratives, as here wrought out, throw a new beauty over the Old and New Testaments, and tend to lead the mind of the reader into safe and pleasant paths. One especially valuable feature of the volume is a series of thirty dissertations on "Christian Evidences," in which the results of Biblical investigation are presented in a careful and concise manner; while the introductory chapter, by Henry Ward Beecher, is in the best vein of that distinguished clergyman.

In its mechanical execution, the "Bible Biography" is worthy of all praise. The paper, print, and binding are excellent; and the illustrations are numerous and good. We mention, as emphatically note-worthy, twenty full-page reproductions of the most celebrated of Gustave Doré's pictures, as found in his magnificent Pictorial Bible. The volume is sold only by subscription, and we ask for the agents a kind reception and liberal patronage.

PAMPHLETS, ETC.

The Man who Laughs, by Victor Hugo (Appletons), is a startling sea and shore novel, in which Victor Hugo excels. It is too bare and abrupt in dialogue, for the scenes it illustrates. The talk is not as sharp as the printing of it. *American Edition of Smith's Dictionary of the Bible* (Hurd & Houghton), Part XVII., continues the fullest and ablest of the editions of this valuable work. All who want it in its best quality should purchase this. *Theological Eclectic*, for April, has four excellent articles: "Lacordaire," "Religion an Essential Want of Man," "An Italian Defense of Pascal," and "Dormer on Luther's Revised Testament." This quarterly fills a vacuum admirably. Only \$3.00 a year for the best foreign theological essays. Nowhere will a minister or a layman, who loves the best religious thinking, get more for his money. (Moore, Wistach, and Moore, 22 Bleeker Street, New York.) **A SYSTEM OF PHILOSOPHY**. The Principles of Psychology. Part I. *The Data of Psychology*, by Herbert Spencer (pp. 142, Appletons), begins a new era in pamphlet literature; a bringing of abstrusest philosophical themes into the popular market. This is devoted to the "Nervous System, its Structure and Functions." It will be found excellent reading for quieting the nerves, though some of its ultimate speculations will excite the theologian's ganglia badly. *The Intermarriages of Relations*, by Thomas N. Wilson (Appletons), attacks with vigor and learning the marriage of cousins. Its title would seem to go farther; for all mankind are related. It presents a strong array of facts against cousin marriage. This is one of its summaries, from the statistics of Dr. Bemiss: "In 580 such marriages, there were 2,778 children, of whom ("which," he writes it) 793 were defective; 117 deaf and dumb; 65 blind; 231 idiotic; 24 insane; 44 epileptic; 189 scrofulous; 53 deformed; 637 died early." All these may be included in the first 793. He thinks opposite temperaments, if near related, may marry, and approves the marriage of the wife's sister. *The Danish Islands*, by James Parton, proves that we are in honor bound to complete the purchase of these islands. Because that others seem coming to us without pay, there is no reason why we should not pay what we honestly owe. This transaction, had it been had with Russia, England, or France, would have been carried out. It should be all the more, when a weaker power, always friendly to us, is the interested party. The limitation expires next fall. We hope our Senate will renew it. *The Recent Progress of Science*, with an Examination of the Assumed Identity of the Mental Powers with Physical Forces, an Address by F. A. P. Barron, President of Columbia College. This address, before the American Association of Science, at Chicago, is a good offset to Spencer and his school, in its defense of the independence of mind to matter. It ably states the true ground of Christian physics; their subordination to mind and soul.

seaport to the West. When they get it a little farther finished, they will doubtless bring their cars and depot into closer connection with modern comforts and respectability.

Another celebrity more modern, and hardly less marvelous, exists here —

A LAND SINK.

A mile from the church, on the north bank of the river, last winter, near sunrise of a Sabbath morning, some forty or more acres of timbered land sunk from twenty to fifty feet. The pressure from beneath pushed out into the bed of the river, and completely filled it with gray clay and sand. Trees were carried three quarters of a mile, and planted erect on the spot where they stopped. A wood-road crossing near the upper end of the depression has a portion of its path on a line with the remainder on the bank of the fall, and another part carried half a mile and over down the valley. The sides of the "sink" are quite steep, and new changes still occur. Another curious fact is, that the outlet is narrower than its upper line. It is a marvel that was perhaps least enjoyed by the farmer whose house is within a few rods of the gulf, and who did not find that Sabbath morning his "set fast acres where he left them" the night before. We hear much of the fall of real estate, but such a fall as this it seldom suffers. "Neversink," the last point homesick eyes behold as they leave New York, and the first more homesick eyes behold on their return, would lose its name if it put on the airs of Saccarappa woodlands. A level plateau thus plunging down is a novelty in nature. Just beyond it, another depression points to a like event in its neighborhood aforesome.

THE CONFERENCE

is composed of a vigorous and active body of ministers, flanked by a not less vigorous, and at this time more active body of laymen. The reports, speeches, and personnel evince interest and energy. The fathers still hold influential places here. The Presiding Elders are men mostly of advanced maturity, a marked contrast to the governors of Vermont and Providence Conferences. The young men are strong, and a little sprinkling of their strength, even in this department of the work, would not weaken that which it already enjoys. The churches of this Conference are increasing in costliness and character faster than in the salaries of the preachers. These remain at a lower figure than the merits of the ministers, and means of the members, warrant. So leading a State should lead in this direction. Fifty per cent, at the least, should be added to the salaries of the better appointments. Twenty stations could advance from \$1,000 to \$1,500 without difficulty. This would proportionately advance the weaker stations, and add greatly to the hopefulness and preaching ability of the ministry. It would also prevent the great migrations that so steadily continue from this body, and attract ministers from other Conferences to the places their own departing brethren vacate. Portland has several excellent churches that could afford to pay much nearer its leading society than they are accustomed to do. Lewiston, Gardiner, Augusta, Hallowell, Biddeford, Saco, Saccarappa, Gorham, Bath, and Skowhegan, are specimens of flourishing churches, that will, we trust, this year advance their salaries to not less than \$1,500. If they try it, they will find every financial interest improves under this improvement.

Among the representative men of the Conference, are the brothers Allen, wise, modest, efficient men; Bro. Munger, a fine debater, large of heart, and clear of head; Bro. Randall, full of zeal and good nature; Dr. Torsey, as wise and witty a head as was ever ruled by a sluggish will, and a not sluggish heart. Maine Methodism has but little idea of her indebtedness to his rare genius for government and development. Gen. Howard has called him to the Presidency of the Howard University. He is just the man for the place. Bro. Mason, one of the Secretaries, is a genial gentleman. Bros. Sanderson Lord and John Allen are older men, who never grow old. Bro. Colby is affable and popular. Bro. Abbott, stern and sturdy, a first-class lawyer, who is none the less a first-class minister — a true Maine pine of the original breed; Bro. Wetherbee, mild and mannerly; Dr. Webber, a natural ruler of men, and Bro. Robinson, a fine old Methodist

gentleman, frosty and kindly. Among the younger men are King, Thompson, Cousins, Sawyer, Stout, Strout, Orange W. Scott, son of Orange Scott, "a coming man," and many such, who will make Maine Methodism more and more the master of the State, under Christ. No Conference in our Church has more of the spirit of independence. The State breeds it. Its motto, "Dirigo," is only an index of the feelings of its citizens. It hesitates not to take the responsibility. May God bless and prosper the Commonwealth and the Conference more and more, until the perfect day.

THE CONDITION OF EUROPE.

Three months ago he would have been a bold man who should have ventured positively to assert that the month of May would find all Europe in a state of peace, and that peace threatened only from America, because the Republic of the United States appears bent upon making demands on England which, though sound, she never will admit to be well founded. The affairs of France and the affairs of Germany pointed to war in the spring, from the point of view that was taken the middle of last winter, and even later; and the state of Italy added to the warlike color of the time that was fast coming, while Spain appeared to be on the verge of civil war, the occurrence of which might have been attended with serious consequences to other European countries. But all has passed smoothly thus far; and we find the French Minister for Foreign Affairs preaching peace, and the King of Prussia thanking him for his sermon; and the King of Hungary, who also is Emperor of Austria, telling the Hungarian Diet that there is a peaceful prospect before the world. It is true that all the principal European nations are armed to the teeth; that France presents an array of effective force that would have astonished Louis XIV. and have excited the admiration even of Napoleon I.; that Prussia is as well armed and organized as France; that Italy has decided to have a peace establishment of 400,000 men; that Austria keeps up an army, the cost of which she cannot defray; that Russia is buying and manufacturing the best of muskets and cannon; and that the lesser nations are imitating to the extent of their powers the extravagance of their superiors. But all this, we are assured, means, not the coming of war, but the preservation of peace. Every nation is to be in warlike condition, so near to perfection that no one nation will have the audacity to begin warlike operations. Briefly stated, Europe is to live in a state of armed peace, which means that she is to live in a state of war, less fighting, bloodshed, and hostilities.

In one quarter only is there a war-cloud to be seen, and that may disperse at any moment. Sometime ago a Belgian railway company was about to sell out its property to a French railway company, whose line connected with the Belgian line it sought to acquire. Not fancying the idea that France should control the railways of the country, the Belgian Government put a stop to the trade that was going on, and it came to nothing. This gave immense annoyance to some Frenchmen, who said that such interference in a commercial transaction indicated a distrust of France, and was an insult to her, — and she seems to be ever on the lookout for insults, in order to resent them. Prussia was charged with having used her influence with the Belgian Government to veto the professed arrangement, because she feared that France would make use of Belgian railways in time of war. So much ill feeling was excited, that the Belgian Government sent a commissioner to Paris, to make such arrangements with the French Government as should be satisfactory to both parties; but the Emperor was so exacting that no agreement could be made, and the Belgian commissioner left Paris for Brussels. The Frenchman actually wished that Belgium should consent to the reference of the matter to a European mixed commission, as if the management of the roads of an independent nation were a matter for international action! [Since the above was written, a despatch has been received from Europe, in which it is stated that Belgium and France have come to an agreement on this subject, and that a mixed commission will be formed. If the statement is correct, Belgium has yielded, and an additional reason for believing that peace will be preserved thereby is afforded.]

In England, the Gladstone ministry is having its own way in the matter of breaking up the Irish Church. The great victory won by the Liberals in the House of Commons, when the disestablishing bill was passed to a second reading by a majority of 126, has been followed by other victories of almost as great proportions. The Tories have sought to change the details of the bill, in committee, but they have been invariably beaten by heavy majorities. There has been no doubt, from the beginning, that the measure would be carried through the House of Commons in the most triumphant manner; but there will be much interest felt when the bill goes up to the House of Lords. That body contains a Tory majority, and should it allow the bill to become law, would not the Tory party be committed to the support of principles that lead logically to the overthrow of the Church of England as a State establishment? But if the Lords were to throw out the bill, would not Mr. Gladstone "swamp" the peerage by the creation of as many new peers as should be found necessary to make a Liberal majority in their chamber? The Lords would seem to be preparing for this, as they have consented to the creation of life peerages, contrary to their emphatic decision some years ago. The creation of one hundred peers for life would not be so damaging a blow to the peerage as would be the addition of a batch of twenty peers whose honors should go to their heirs.

Spanish matters have worn an interesting face of late. A few weeks since, it was supposed that the Duke of Montpensier would be elected to the Spanish throne, and that it would be a waste of work and of words to bring forward any other candidate. But all at once the Ducal prospects became overcast. The monarchical members of the Constituent Cortes held what in this country would be called a caucus, and resolved to offer the throne to Ferdinand of Coburg, father of the king of Portugal, and who had won honorable fame as Regent, during his son's minority. The Provisional Government acquiesced in this movement, and an embassy was sent to Lisbon to acquaint Ferdinand with the honor intended him, but that gentleman is not one of those men who are dazzled by crowns, and he positively refused to be a candidate, though sure to be chosen were he to accept the nomination. It was supposed the sudden action of the Spanish leaders was the result of representations made by Napoleon III., who cannot wish to see an Orleans prince placed on the Spanish throne, but who has no hostility to a German prince. Montpensier's prospects improved when Ferdinand's decision was made public. On the 24th of April, a motion was made in the Cortes that all Bourbons should be excluded from the throne, — but it was amended so as to exclude only ex-Queen Isabella and her descendants, thus leaving all other Bourbons eligible, including the Duke of Montpensier. In that form it was adopted. Another caucus was made necessary in consequence of Ferdinand's decision, but it could not agree upon any line of action. Serrano addressed it, and said that Spain's choice was limited to this: she might have a republican polity, or a monarchical polity, with the Duke of Montpensier on the throne. This was to make the Duke's elevation a matter of positive necessity for the monarchists, and because Gen. Prim, who was present when Serrano thus spoke, kept silent, it is supposed that he wishes to see a republican form of government adopted, provided always, that he shall be made the first President of the Spains. He is an ambitious man, and he is a popular man, and the interpretation given to his "speaking silence," is by no means unfair. The French Emperor, it is certain, would prefer to see President Prim in Madrid to the presence there of Antonio I., which, we presume, would be the style and title of the Duke of Montpensier should he become Spanish king. The Emperor hates the House of Orleans and all who belong to it.

It was stated, on the authority of a European despatch, that the Constitution for Spain reported by the Committee to the Cortes, did not provide for the existence of a State religion. This statement was unfounded. The Committee reported that the Roman Catholic religion should be established, but that all other religions should be tolerated; and the Cortes has ratified this report. But the utmost religious freedom exists in Spain, and we hear of Protestant

services being openly performed, and most favorably witnessed in such places as Madrid, Seville, and Cordova. At Cordova a child was christened according to Protestant forms,—which threw the Romish bishop into something like convulsion fits, and caused him to prophesy that the end of all things is at hand. Had the worthy man said the end of *old* things, he would have stated a simple fact, instead of making a silly prediction. His sun has set, but the sun has not ceased to shine on all mankind.

We have once and again called upon Gen. Grant to carry out his most frequent pledge and secure our Southern brethren peace. Two incidents followed each other with only a day's interval, last week, that show how imperative is this necessity: —

ATLANTA, GA., May 11.—The Hon. Joseph Atkins, Republican Senator from the Nineteenth District, was assassinated in Warren County, this State, yesterday. He had been frequently warned not to enter the county, although it was his birthplace and his home through life. Fearing imminent threats, he started for home five days ago. On arriving at Decatur station, eight miles from his residence, his private carriage met him and in it he proceeded homeward. When within two miles of his home, a man issued from the woods close by and was slain by Mr. Atkins, who recognized him. The salutation was instantly returned, and was accompanied by the drawing and presenting of the assassin's pistol. The fellow took deliberate aim and the ball pierced the Senator's heart, killing him instantly.

Mr. Atkins was a stanch Republican and had been many years a Baptist minister, and bore an irreproachable private character. Political animosity alone could have prompted the assassination. He was one of the delegation of Georgians who visited President Grant some weeks ago, to urge a fully loyal reconstruction for his State. He is the second Republican member of the Legislature and the second of that delegation received since the adjournment of Congress. He, like Dr. Aver, has perished by the wayside, as was recommended by a so-called Republican paper of this city.

ATLANTA, May 12.—A large number of Republicans from all parts of the State, are now in this city, believing death certain if they go home. Among these are many members of the Legislature. A desperate attempt was made at Waynesboro', Burke County, on Sunday last, to murder the Rev. J. S. Pilman, a Presiding Elder of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He had preached there, and had induced a number of colored people to renounce allegiance to the Methodist Church South, and join another church. A group of Ku-Klux surrounded his death, and picketed the road from his hotel to the depot, but a colored man guided him across the fields, and a voluntary guard of colored men accompanied him to the depot. Upon his arrival there, pistols were pointed at his head, and death seemed certain, but the firm stand taken by the colored people saved his life. The only charge against him was, that he was a "Radical."

Why is not the military arm revealed? All this can be stopped and easily. That murderer is known and can be found and punished. All talk about "order" and "peace" is worse than folly while such a state of things is allowed to exist. Our Atlantic Advocate will have to change its tone about the Southern church. One minister killed and another hunted by the Ku-Klux, the last simply for admitting colored members to our Church, are an answer to all the unwise prattle which has of late too generally filled its pages. Let it stand up for the brethren who saved the life of our Presiding Elder, count them as one, and forget its color prejudice in the great stress of the hour and call of God. Why do not our Legislature call on the President to make peace? Four lines suffice for a *Tribune* note on this horrible state of affairs. How long will this criminal indifference of the government and the people to the condition of their Georgia brethren continue?

An Anti-Lay-Representation meeting was held at Brooklyn, N. Y., 13th inst., at the South Second Street Church. About one hundred were present. James W. Bradley was appointed Chairman. The *Tribune* thus reports the meeting: —

"Rev. Mr. Saxe said that he had been practically a layman for ten years, and thought he looked at the question with perfect freedom from partisan bias. 'Where is the necessity for a change?' he asked. 'We had never seen a minister who desired it, or felt the need of lay help.' Most laymen with whom he spoke felt the same. This is a question in the Church, not for the sake of peace, that is willing to go in for lay representation. He said that ministers give up certain rights, and in return, should have the rights they retain uninterfered with. Influential business men will not be willing to take the time to attend the Conferences, and such as will be able to go, are such as ought to stay at home. Nearly all the troubles in the Church are caused by the interference of laymen in its management; and putting the affairs of the Church more and more into their hands, will increase these troubles.

"Rev. Mr. Adams said he was not a champion either way, but he had some doubts on the subject. The early ministers sacrificed everything and created the Church, and the sublime success of the century of their rule shows the high wisdom of the policy they inaugurated. This movement is not one of the masses; it is a movement of the rich. Men blunder into wealth, and get rich by it, and then want to rule everything. The most important thing is to strike out the men from the lay representation, and it would be as dead as the antislavery men are. The most terrible, some men in every Church are those who have a little money, and but little religion. These are the men who favor lay delegations—men who make speeches, and sign documents in its favor. 'From such,' he prayed, 'good Lord deliver us.' The preachers are such by 'Divine call.' Is it right that laymen should sit on the same seats with them as their equals and peers? Are they equal in the sight of God?"

"The Rev. Dr. James Porter was the next speaker. Dr. Porter's first point was that the leaders of the Lay Delegation movement were the former leaders of the Pro-slavery party in the Church who had taken up this question as a means of regaining the power they had lost by the triumph of the Abolitionists. That is the only reason it has been revived. The increase of the finances of the Church is not the cause of the movement. The money has been gathered by the ministers, and is all controlled by the laymen. There is no legislation in the Conference except on spiritual matters. Who should settle where ministers are to go but the ministers themselves? Lay delegation would make slaves of the poor ministers. He would not respect a minister who would remain a minister under such circumstances. No one would respect a minister who would be mean enough to stay under such a government. The speaker criticised the plan proposed, and said that it really gave no increase of power to the 'dear people' at all. He also said that it excluded the 10,000 local preachers of the Church from membership in either the Electoral or the General Conference. He spoke of the expense which Lay Delegation would involve, and wondered who would pay it—now the Missions Society nor the Book Room; they had burden enough now. Would the 'dear people' be well satisfied if Lay delegation had well-night killed some churches which had tried it, and Dr. Porter warned his hearers against laying their hands on the Church of God. For himself, he said, he didn't care. It didn't make any difference to him who was Bishop, or who was in power. 'I'm beyond that.' Other addresses were made by a few gentlemen from their seats."

MISTAKE CORRECTED.—Rev. Bennett Eaton, of Shelburn, Vt., says:—"I have just read in your last issue, under the head of 'Conference Rambles,' that the excision of the Southwestern District of the Vermont Conference by the last General Conference was made 'under the threat of secession.'

"This statement does great injustice to the ministry and membership of this District, and should be corrected. For many years I have been acquainted here, was on the ground

the four years immediately preceding the "excision," and have had charge of the District the last two years, and I am prepared to testify, that among the ministers or members of the M. E. Church on this ground, I have never heard a threat of secession; and that, during my more than forty years' connection with the M. E. Church, I have never known a people, or a set of ministers, more firmly attached to the Church of their choice, and whom it would be more difficult to drive from it, than those ministers and members on this Burlington District. Such has been my estimate of them, and such it is to-day."

If our brother had read our remark a little more carefully, he would have seen that we did not charge the District with secession. We said the excision was made "under threat of secession." This "threat" was rumored from one or two charges of the District. We have no doubt of the loyalty of all its ministers, and really of all its churches; the "threat" we do not believe would have been carried out. It was a very shadowy affair. We rejoice at the good feeling growing up between the Vermont valley and the rest of the State, and have no doubt the excellent loyalty of the recalcitrant section will yet lead them to comply with the formally expressed wish of the General Conference, though they kicked so hard against its law. We print for the benefit of our brethren of the beautiful District, the resolution of the General Conference. The Troy Conference has already arranged for it by putting all their Vermont work into one District. Let the reunion follow in due time.

"Resolved, That in the opinion of this General Conference, Vermont Conference should embrace the entire State, and we recommend the brethren on the Vermont territory now in the Troy Conference, to consent to such arrangement at the next General Conference."

The *Universalist* enters on its fifty-first volume with new type and a good outward appearance. If its theology were half as correct as its typography it would be one of the most excellent of sheets. It has outgrown some of the errors it started with. Mr. Whittemore would hardly know the columns he so long presided over. His faith is largely abandoned. Another fifty years will see it, we trust, a good orthodox sheet, whose title declares the universality of Christ's atonement and God's call, and not, as it once did and now does not do, the immediate salvation at death of all men. It sends with the number a fac-simile of the first sheet, a small, neat quarto, whose prospectus invited all sects to present their views in its columns. It notices the laying of the corner-stone of Dr. Adams's church, on Essex St., which is now preparing to move to a new location. Mr. Bowen, the publisher, set up a part of this duplicate fifty years afterwards; a rare incident in the history of any journal. His discovery of Thomas Whittemore is thus described: —

"One day, in June, 1819, Mr. Bowen went into the workshop of Abel Baker, a boot-maker in State Street, to solicit subscribers. The workshop was in the upper story of the building on the north side of State Street, opposite the old State House. In that shop he found Thomas Whittemore, working as an apprentice to Mr. Baker. Young Whittemore subscribed for the paper. Mr. Whittemore said: 'It was not necessary for him to *urge* me to subscribe for it; for although I had not the price of a year's subscription (\$2.50) in the world, I trusted that, sometime before the year should end, I should have it, and thus be enabled to discharge the obligation. At this time (July, 1819) I was an attendant at the Baptist meeting, for I did not leave there until the spring of 1820.'"

GOLD AND SILVER WEDDINGS.—The Golden Wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Brackett of Charlestown, which occurred on the 23d ult., was a delightful occasion; as many as 150 guests were present. Addresses full of poetry, pleasantries and pathos were made by Rev. J. H. Twombly and Rev. H. W. Warren. A number of valuable presents exemplified in a practical way the golden opinions which the friends of the venerable couple entertain for them. May they celebrate their diamond wedding before reaching the city whose streets are gold and whose gates are pearl.

After gold comes silver; but Time, the great alchemist, transmutes the marriage silver to gold. Bro. G. Goodnow and wife held their silver wedding in Sudbury, on the 27th ult. Here, too, wit, wisdom, and poetry came to do honor to the occasion, the chief speakers being Revs. J. Scott and G. E. Chapman. At the close of the evening, a perfect *Positos* mine of silver was unveiled to the astonished gaze.

MOTES.

The article on "Soul Existence" in our last number should have been credited to the *N. W. Christian Advocate* and the Rev. E. O. Haven. It is a good answer from his pen to late charges that have unjustly been made in the journals, of *Ampliation*.

MOUNT VERNON has 1200 acres. The country owns 200 and the other 1000 is for sale. At the rate Everett and the ladies paid its *secession* owner for the former, the latter ought to make somebody rich. \$200,000 they paid. The rest should bring \$1,000,000. The price it really fetches will show the difference between honest trading and the fancy brands of imagination.

At a late dinner of the Union College Alumni, at Delmonico's, wine was profuse, and even Dr. Nott's memory was drank in this drugged liquor. What a profanation of that patriarch's fame! The Wesleyan University Alumni dinner at the same place was in contrast with this, and all other college festivals there. It is an honor of which that college may be justly proud.

The Grand Trunk has been railed at for its bad rails, till it has heard and regarded the public railing. New rails are being laid and the tourist to the two most visitable places in the north, Montreal and Quebec, will have a fair prospect of finding his "innards" in their proper place on arriving at those depots. Now let it stretch its broad gauge to Boston and by way of the Hartford and Erie to New York, so that we can

have one road from the East to the West that is broad enough for two persons to ride enjoyably on the same seat.

The Haverhill St. M. E. Church at Lawrence, has published a missionary discourse of its pastor, Rev. Mr. Knowles. It is an able summary of our mission work, and an urgent appeal for its extension. Its circulation would do good.

The ship Golconda, owned by the American Colonization Society, for the purpose of transmitting Americans to Africa, has been sold because it could not find any that are willing to emigrate. This is the natural ending of a society that was founded in prejudice. If now the same vessel were sent to bring Africans to America it would find abundant patronage.

The Boston Young Men's Christian Union has taken a step in advance of its sister association, in fitting up the fine building, 300 Washington Street, for its purposes. The building comprises two lecture-rooms, committee and class rooms, library, &c. It was dedicated with appropriate exercises on the 19th, several Orthodox clergymen taking part.

PERSONAL.

Mayor Shurtleff, heading a delegation from this city, has been to Washington to invite the President and other dignitaries to the Peace Jubilee next June. It is probable the President will be among our guests.

Philip Phillips is to give an evening of Sacred Song, in Dover, N. H., on May 26th.

The Fall River teacher, Miss Sarah Green, who has conquered the situation for all her complexion, was educated at Bridgewater, through the untiring sacrifices of her mother, a very intelligent lady. Her daughter was examined with unusual severity by the Committee, and passed her ordeal creditably. Still she had no school given her. Nasby lectured in that city, ridiculing the prejudices of the pale faces. The next evening, among twenty rivals, her name had pre-eminence. She is succeeding finely. All hail to this city for giving the nation the example of doing right against the warring prejudices of the hour.

Mr. Darling, the successful Steward at Wilbraham, has left his stewardship, to the great regret of the students and teachers. On the evening of his departure, he and his wife received three surprises, a shock that was not easily got over. Dr. Cooke, on behalf of the Faculty, presented them with a pitcher and salver; the students gave a tea service, and the "help" a china service. It was an enjoyable time. Rev. Mr. Allen of New York takes his place.

Rev. F. Furber writes of the Wilbraham church: "When it shall be completed, we shall have all the accommodations we need, to educate our youth in the best manner. Our surroundings are beautiful to the eye, a healthy location, and free from diverting scenes and the allurements of vice. The completion of our substantial, commodious, and attractive sanctuary, will give us a harmonious whole. Its speedy completion is very desirable, and we hope its friends will keep its workmen busy, by supplying the needful, till it is done."

NEWS ITEMS.—Our review of the week has been crowded out; but the most exciting topic of conversation in political circles the past week is the reported alliance, offensive and defensive, of great Britain, Spain and France, against the United States. It turned out to be a canard.

A battle is reported to have taken place at Las Minas, Cuba, on the 3d inst., when the Government troops sustained severe losses.

It is believed that a regency, with Serrano at its head, will be the government of Spain.—There has been considerable rioting in Paris, the inevitable result of popular elections.

The Indiana legislature have ratified the fifteenth constitutional amendment.

The Equal Right meeting in New York was quite lively, and demonstrative.

The Methodist Church.

Information from any of our churches for this department will be gratefully received and acknowledged.

MAINE CONFERENCE.

[Concluded from last week.]

FOURTH DAY.—The morning prayer-meeting from eight to nine o'clock was an especially precious season, attended by large numbers, who participated in its spirited and spiritual exercises, with an earnestness and fervency which showed that modern Methodism is like earlier Methodism, "Christianity in earnest."

Immediately after the opening services of the business session, Revs. Brown of Providence Conference, Whidden of New Hampshire Conference, Fletcher and Davies of the East Maine Conference, and Gilbert Haven of the New England Conference, were introduced to the Conference.

The Stewards of the Conference were appointed a Committee on "necessitous cases," and presented a report of claims.

The candidates for admission into full connection were called to the altar, and having been addressed in an impressive, effective style, by the Bishop, with reference to the duties and responsibilities of the position they were about to assume, they were severally elected, as were also several candidates for ordination as Deacons.

Rev. G. Haven then addressed the Conference for some time in behalf of ZION'S HERALD.

Rev. E. D. Winslow followed.

Rev. A. K. P. Small, of Free Street, Portland, representative of the Maine Baptist Association, was introduced to the Conference, and in a short and impressive speech presented the Christian salutations of his denomination. He was followed by Rev. Dr. Shailer, editor of *Zion's Advocate*, who briefly expressed his interest in, and kindly feeling for the "people called Methodists."

The church was packed at 2 p. m., by people eager to hear the Conference Missionary sermon by Rev. J. Hanks. He discoursed from the text "I am not ashamed of the Gospel," &c. Rom. i. 16.

The expectations of the people were in some respects more than realized. The evening was devoted to the interests of the Church Extension Society, whose claims found able advocates in Hon. J. J. Perry, Rev. D. B. Randall, and Chaplain McCabe.

FIFTH DAY. — This was the "great day of the feast." The love-feast in the morning from eight to nine o'clock was marked by the old Methodistic power and fervor, though a little marred by a disposition manifested by a few to give up speeches, rather than love-feast testimonies. Among those present were some venerable from age, and long usefulness as ministers of the new covenant, — Father Burnham, fifty-seven years a herald of the cross, Father Robinson, forty-eight years an effective preacher, and still capable of good service, Father Sanderson, a veteran of forty-five years service, Dr. Webber, D. B. Randall of forty years and more, — though the last three are still decidedly among the young men of the Conference — and Jesse Stone, and others, whose terms of labor in the itinerancy are scarcely shorter than those above mentioned. These and many others, younger ministers and lay brethren and sisters, participated in the joyful and heart-warming exercises of the occasion. At the close of the love-feast, Bro. J. Colby, Presiding Elder of Portland District, announced that the amount in the hands of the Conference Stewards was sufficient to give to the superannuated preachers and other claimants only twelve per cent. of their claims, and these have been fixed at a figure far below what they should have been, and in response to his appeal a generous collection was given.

The preaching service commenced at ten o'clock. Bishop Clark gave us an able and interesting sermon on 1 Tim. iv. 8. "For bodily exercise is profitable for a little, but godliness is profitable for all things." At the close of the sermon four persons were ordained Deacons.

In the afternoon, Dr. S. C. Brown, of the Providence Conference, preached an interesting sermon on John xii. 21. "Sirs, we would see Jesus." The ordination of the Elders, four in number, followed, and was to some hearts, at least, a solemn and impressive ceremony. At five o'clock p. m., a Sabbath-school meeting was held, Rev. D. B. Randall presiding. In this exercise the children and their favorite chaplain, McCabe, largely participated.

At half past seven the Missionary Society held its anniversary, Rev. E. Robinson, Vice-President, in the chair. Addresses were made by various brethren.

SIXTH DAY. — The morning prayer-meeting was, like all those preceding it, a precious "season of refreshing from the presence of the Lord."

The first item of business was the presentation by the Bishop of the certificates of ordination of the Deacons and Elders ordained yesterday, after which William Young of Athens, O., was elected to Deacon's Orders.

Rev. B. M. Frink, of Central Church, Portland, was then introduced to the Conference, and presented the fraternal greeting of the Congregationalists, from whose Conference he came as a delegate.

The question, "Where shall our next Conference be held?" was then taken up, and the invitation of Augusta accepted. Several of the invitations, including the one accepted, extended to the preachers' wives, and one to "all the children who could not conveniently be left at home."

The Committee on Memoirs presented as their report a memoir of Rev. U. Rideout which was read, and followed by short addresses by Bros. Colby, Webber, Cone, and Hillman, and prayer by C. M. Morse, after which Conference adjourned to meet at two o'clock p. m.

The afternoon session was mostly occupied in receiving reports of committees. During the session, Bro. Kimball of Portland, General Agent for Maine of the Asbury Life Insurance Company, presented a plan for insuring the whole Conference. The matter was referred to a Committee, consisting of the Presiding Elders and two of the Conference Stewards, with instructions to report next year.

Some of the reports elicited some discussion. A few of the resolutions were essentially modified, and it is quite possible that others would have been improved by it. The Conference adopted, with great unanimity, the resolution of the Committee on Tobacco, declaring that "we will admit no one to membership in the Conference who persists in the use of tobacco."

At the evening session, which commenced at eight o'clock, other committees reported, one of them, that on Lay Delegation, presenting two reports, agreeing substantially, save that one committed the Conference to the principle of Lay Representation, the other simply to the taking of the vote on the question in June as prescribed by the action of the Gen. Conference.

A Committee was appointed to provide for the dissemination of facts bearing on this subject among the people, but from the well-known views of the mover and of the Commit-

tee it may be suspected that most of the facts so presented will be found to bear upon *our side*.

A Committee was also appointed to provide for a Preachers' Institute, similar in form to the Teachers' Institutes held in this and other States, to be held some time in October next.

It was voted to request the Bishops to appoint the next Conference on the first Wednesday in May, or as near thereto as convenient.

Then, after appointing delegates to the various religious bodies in the State, and passing a resolution in favor of the new monthly Magazine, and votes of thanks to the people "who have so kindly entertained us," to the Bishop, the Secretaries, to the "Railroad Secretary," Bro. Randall, and almost everybody but the Presiding Elders — the Conference adjourned. A hymn was sung and the Bishop offered a fervent, earnest prayer, and read the appointments.

The session has been a very pleasant one, and to all an occasion of spiritual profit, as well as of pleasant reunions and friendly greetings.

The following are the appointments for the ensuing year: —

PORLTAND DISTRICT — JOSEPH COLBY, Presiding Elder.

Portland, Chestnut Street, S. R. Bailey; Pine Street, R. Sanderson; Congress Street, Abel W. Pott; Pleasant Street, Jas. O. Thompson. Island Church, A. C. Trafton. Cape Elizabeth Ferry, John Collins; Depot, K. Atkinson; S. B. Gerry. Yarmouth, to be supplied. Falmouth, O. H. Stevens. Casco Bay Islands, supplied by J. S. Rice. West Cumberland, J. M. Howes. Gray and Raymond, to be supplied. Gorham, H. B. Abbott. Sacarappa, W. B. Bartlett. Scarborough, to be supplied. Saco, C. J. Clark. Biddeford, S. F. Wetherbee. South Biddeford, to be supplied. Oak Ridge, George Holt. Kennebunkport Centre, A. Turner. Cape Porpoise, J. E. Budden. Kennebunkport, D. Halleron. Kennebunk, G. W. Ballou. West Kennebunk, to be supplied. Kennebunk Depot, J. H. Pillsbury. York, E. K. Colby. Kittery, H. Chase. Kittery Navy Yard, W. H. H. Pillsbury. Elliot, O. M. Cousins. South Elliot, supplied by A. Cook. Scotland, J. A. Strout. South Berwick, O. W. Scott. Berwick, supplied by J. E. Baxter. Maryland Ridge, J. W. Sawyer. Alfred, J. B. Lapham. Goodwin's Mills, M. Wight. Hollis, supplied by J. Sawyer. Shapleigh, Acton, and West Newfield, E. H. McKey. Newfield, C. W. Blackman. Cornish, to be supplied. Baldwin, supplied by J. H. Griffith. Porter, G. W. Barber. Conway and Bartlett, S. F. Strout. Fryeburg and Stowe, A. Hatch. Sweden, Denmark and Lovell, supplied by A. H. Witham. Buxton and Gorham, W. H. Foster. South Standish and Standish, supplied by E. Sanborn.

GARDINER DISTRICT — AARON SANDERSON, Presiding Elder.

Gardiner, C. W. Morse. Bath, Beacon Street, C. Munger; Wesley Church, W. S. Jones. Richmond, N. Hobart. Bowdoinham, D. Freeman. Brunswick, J. McMillan. Harpswell, J. C. Perry. Lisbon, to be supplied. South Auburn, J. Moor. Lewiston, E. Martin. Auburn, D. B. Randall. Monmouth, F. Hoyt. Leeds, B. Lufkin. Pownal, J. Cobb. Durham, J. Gibson. E. Poland and Minot, J. Rice. North Auburn, W. Stout. Mechanic Falls, J. Hawkes. Oxford, S. Paine. South Paris, G. F. Cobb. Norway, to be supplied. Naples, N. Andrews. Bridgton, M. B. Cummings. Waterford, J. I. Cummings. Otisfield, to be supplied. South Harrison, to be supplied. Woodstock, I. Lord. Rumford, F. Groveson. Bethel Hill, to be supplied. Newry and Megalloway, S. D. Brown. Gilford, Mason and Alabamy, T. J. True. Gorham, N. H., H. B. Mitchell. Livermore and Hartford, J. Fairbanks.

READFIELD DISTRICT — GEORGE WEBER, Presiding Elder.

Hallowell, U. Fuller. Augusta, C. A. King. North Augusta and Sidney, F. E. Emerich. Waterville, A. S. Ladd. Kendall's Mills, T. P. Adams. Fairfield and West Waterville, C. Andrews. Skowhegan, C. G. Mason. Madison and Anson, supplied by P. E. Brown. Solon, J. H. Moore. New Portland and New Vineyard, supplied by J. Cole. Salem and Freeman, supplied by T. E. Norton. Industry, H. Crockett. Mercer and Norridgewock, E. Gerry, Jr. New Sharon, R. H. Kimball. Farmington Falls and Vienna, to be supplied. Farmington, A. B. Sylvester. Strong, E. T. Adams. Phillips, W. Phillips and Rangely, J. H. Hutchins. E. Wilton, Temple and Weid, J. P. Weeks. Wilton, J. M. Woodbury. Livermore Falls, S. Allen. Fayette, D. Waterhouse. Wayne, J. Mitchell. No. Wayne, J. R. Masterman. Kent's Hill and Readfield Corner, P. Jaques, E. Robinson. Readfield and Manchester, L. S. Carleton. Winthrop, F. C. Ayer. H. P. Torsey, President, F. A. Robinson, and J. L. Morse, Professors in Maine Wesleyan Seminary and Female College.

T. Whittier transferred to South Carolina Conference. C. F. Allen transferred to East Maine Conference. E. R. Keys transferred to New York Conference. J. E. C. Sawyer transferred to Providence Conference.

after which the meetings were continued three weeks. The interest increased from the beginning, and, notwithstanding the unfavorable season, our recently enlarged and commodious house was none too spacious to accommodate those who came. Nearly two hundred presented themselves as inquirers, the most of whom are now hopefully converted. Among them were one of our oldest and most substantial citizens, and two of our best lawyers, besides a large number of our young men and women — the pride and hope of our town. We have already gathered over fifty on probation and others are ready to join. The other societies are also sharing largely in the fruits of the revival.

"Mr. Nichols is an incessant laborer, and an excellent manager. Carvosso's motto, 'Have faith in God,' is his motto also; and his simple easy style, and clear illustration, are well calculated to inspire faith in those who listen to him."

The Haverhill St. Church, Lawrence, Rev. D. C. Knowles, pastor, have purchased a fine organ at a cost of twenty-five hundred dollars. The society gave a public concert to introduce the instrument, which was well attended, gave good satisfaction, and was peculiarly a success.

The Garden St. Church own a beautiful lot of land adjoining their church, and the official brethren have voted to erect a new parsonage on this site, during the next three months. Rev. C. U. Dunning is entitled to much praise for his excellent management of affairs for this society, during his term of three years which closed at our last Conference.

At Haverhill, Mass., Rev. E. A. Smith, pastor, the brethren have bought a piece of land on Winter St., for five thousand dollars, upon which they hope soon to raise a new church, which shall meet all the demands of their congregation. The Ladies' Circle have, by a course of lectures and a fair which lasted three evenings, raised eleven hundred dollars during the last six months.

A noble example of benevolence was given your correspondent by the pastor of this church. A poor lady, who earns her bread by daily toil, learned one year ago, that some of our young men, preparing for the ministry, have severe struggles with poverty. She decided, as a lover of Jesus and His church, that she would aid them to the extent of her ability. She came to her pastor a short time since and handed him an envelope, stating that she had consecrated one day's work, out of every week for the last year to this cause, and her offering was forty-eight dollars.

But she gave it in secret, anxious that her name should not be known. May the Lord reward her offering.

We hear of improvements in the church edifice at Portsmouth. At Lebanon under the pastorate of Rev. O. H. Jasper, the church are about to enlarge and improve their house of worship.

At East Salisbury and Rochester, revivals of religion kept the pastors from the recent session of our Conference. Souls were coming to Christ in large numbers.

LOUISIANA CONFERENCE.

NEW ORLEANS. — Rev. L. C. Matlack writes: "This Conference year finds us in our Louisiana Conference with four Presiding Elders out of five who are American citizens of African descent. Last week we had a meeting on Lay Delegation, to arrange for having the question submitted to the whole people in June. All present, including five 'Elders,' were Lay Delegationists. The vote at the last Annual Conference was also unanimous, I am informed."

"Yesterday (May 3) we inaugurated a Preachers' Meeting. Fourteen were present. Our preachers in charge in and near New Orleans, and two local preachers, including also the 'Elders,' give us sixteen in all. The order of exercises, suited to this region especially, is as follows: —

"Meeting weekly, on Monday at 10 a. m. 1. Prayer-meeting for 20 minutes. 2. Scripture reading, with or without comment, by one each week, followed with remarks thereon from those present, to occupy 30 minutes. 3. Reports from pastors. 4. Miscellaneous matter, closing at 12 o'clock.

"The deep feeling of personal satisfaction, and of gratitude to God, expressed by these preachers with quivering lips and brimming eyes, for the opportunity now afforded for mutual counsel, instruction, and pious profit, were a lesson to us who never knew their deprivations."

"I thank the Lord for this," said one. "Br. Ross there knows how in years gone by (bless God, forever gone!) we had a meeting of a few preachers at night in secret to read and talk over the good words of the Bible."

"Yes, and I know," said another, "what trouble we had to hide ourselves away from the old people. But we had blessed times alone with God and His Spirit."

"For more than a year we kept it up, one time I remember. But they broke us up a long, long time ago. And now it gone away from my mind — so far away it never would have come back, but for Br. Matlack's note inviting us here this morning."

"L. C. Matlack is President, and M. C. Cole is Secretary for the ensuing six months. An address on Lay Delegation — printed notices of the "General Election" — blank returns of the votes received — and ballots printed, were distributed to the Presiding Elders who are about leaving for their districts this week."

"Last night (May 3) a procession of colored men paraded the streets with music, serenading and cheering those whom they endorse heartily. The *New Orleans Advocate* was thus honored. To-morrow the Annual Conference of the African M. E. Zion Connection, meets in New Orleans. Our preachers' meeting send a committee with fraternal greetings."

The Christian World.

MISSION FIELD.

"All the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord." — *Num. xiv. 21.*

BABISM. — This is a new form of religion, gaining many adherents in Persia and Turkey. It is an attempt to mix Mohammedanism and Christianity. Its origin and progress are thus given in the *Missionary Herald* for May: —

"About twenty-five years ago, a young Persian, named Ali Mohammed, of Shiraz, a student of Mohammedan theology, began to preach in the mosques of his native city against the vices of the Mohammedan priests and teachers — their perversions of the true doctrine of the Koran, and the cruel oppressions of those in power. The eloquence of the young preacher attracted many hearers. His denunciations of abuses met with a ready response in the popular heart. Emboldened by the increasing number of his adherents, he began to assert claims to a higher authority than that of a simple preacher, declared himself to be the last of the Divine incarnations, the 12th Imam Mehdi (The Guide), who, according to Mohammedan expectations, long concealed in a cave, is at length to come forth and reestablish the true religion in its glory. He assumed also the name of Bab (door), to signify that through him, as by a door, men enter into the knowledge of divine things. These high pretensions only added to the enthusiasm of his followers. Their numbers multiplied. At length some of the more restive spirits, contrary, it is said, to the counsel of the Bab, raised the standard of rebellion against the Persian Government. The suppression of this rebellion severely taxed the powers of the Government; but in the end it was suppressed, and its leaders put to death. The Bab also, though he had taken no part in the insurrection, was arrested, tried, and executed. He had, it is again said, assured his followers that he could not be put to death — bullets could have no power over him. The failure of these assurances did not, however, shake the faith of his adherents.

"Twenty years have now passed since the death of the founder of this sect, but in the mean time, the number of its adherents, as they claim, is continually increasing. 'We are three millions,' they say. 'Our people are found in every town and village in Persia.' Numerous converts are claimed in Turkey also."

WESTERN AFRICA. — The Gospel is taking a strong hold of the people in Western Africa. In the *Gaoloo Mission*, our brethren of the *American Board* are laboring successfully. Mr. Bushnell, one of the missionaries, writes: —

"A new Commandant has just arrived from France, who has associated with him three other officers here, to aid in the administration of affairs; the Admiral, when in the river, being superior, as heretofore. They have asked our educational statistics, very particular, and have informed us that our marriages, up to this time, will be recognized as valid; but that, hereafter, marriages must be conformed strictly to French law. A few days since, Mr. Walker and I visited the Plateau; but did not see the new Commandant, and we have received no visit from the Admiral since he returned. It is thought probable that Corisco, and the coast north of Corisco, will ere long become French, and that from the Equator north and south, for considerable distance, there will be no other jurisdiction than that of France. The overthrow of that persecuting dynasty in Spain, that has done so much to curse Africa, and hinder the introduction of the gospel among her tribes, is a matter for thanksgiving. Probably Protestant missionaries, who were driven from Fernando Po some years since, will now return and resume their work; and other places on the coast and Spanish islands will now be opened to the gospel. It is wonderful how God is turning and overturning among the nations, preparatory to the universal reign of Christ. All things seem working together for that glorious result.

"The hopeful religious interest which I mentioned in my last letter still continues, especially in the girls' boarding-school, and we trust it will result in some true conversions to Christ."

INDIA. — Our Wesleyan brethren in England are prosecuting their missionary labors in India with great success. The *Missionary Notices* contain most cheering intelligence from this field of missionary toil. Rev. Thomas Hodson writes from Bangalore: —

"There are not only fine openings for usefulness in the educational department of our work, but there is also a very favorable change in our heathen congregations. The week-night services which we hold in our Bangalore girls' school-rooms have become specially interesting. The heathen listen with as much attention as the preacher can desire. The rooms, which will hold about one hundred persons, are filled regularly; and, as compared with their attendance and behavior in former years, the present is a marvelous improvement. A man who has the love of God in his heart, and a good knowledge of the native language, cannot but be happy in preaching the gospel to such hearers as these. In the country parts of this kingdom a similar feeling prevails. The preached gospel is now heard with more respect than formerly; and in the lower as well as the middle classes there is a more general disregard of idol worship. In illustrations of this feeling I may mention one case. About ten days ago, I was talking to a plain, uneducated man, near a temple, which had in it, as the object of worship, a large stone bull. I said to the man, 'Do you worship the idol in that building?' He laughed aloud at the absurdity of the idea, and said, 'I worship it! No, indeed! The priest does that, because he is paid for it. I water the plants in the garden, and sweep the temple floor, because I am paid for it; but why should I worship a stone image?'

"These are indications of a better state of things, which we ought to take advantage of. God is opening the eyes of the Hindus, and we ought to be ready in sufficient numbers to say: 'Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world.'"

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

CONGREGATIONALIST.

Dr. Quint, in the *Congregational Quarterly*, protests against the uncongregational, illogical, and dangerous practice of inviting individuals not representing any church to be members of councils.

For several months past there has been a quiet and steady religious interest in the society connected with the North Avenue Church, Cambridge (Rev. Mr. Mears, pastor), which still continues. There have been about thirty-five conversions, among them twelve young men; of this number, sixteen made a public profession last Sabbath, twelve of whom were baptized. Circumstances prevented others that were examined from uniting until next communion. Eight were received by letter, making the membership of the church 235. Of this number, 157 have been added in two years. — *Congregationalist.*

The Eliot City Mission Society in Roxbury has formally transferred its property on Parker Street — consisting of the chapel and lot — to the newly organized "Highland Congregational Society." The new church worshipping here is in a flourishing condition, and the congregation has already out-

grown the chapel; so that the subject of enlarging, or of building anew, is pressed upon immediate attention. — *Ib.*

A DIFFICULTY SETTLED. — The difficulty which has existed for some time between the majority and the minority of the Congregational Church in Washington has been settled. Absaham and Lot have concluded to separate, and there are to be two churches instead of one. The minority retain the present organization and house of worship built largely by Northern Congregationalists, while the majority, led by Dr. Boynton, the pastor, have taken letters, and will soon constitute a new church. They will worship for the present in the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, but will eventually build a house of worship of their own. The separation was consummated with good feeling on the part of all concerned; and we predict that the time is not far distant when either church will be stronger than the one has been for the last year and a half. — *Morning Star.*

Seldom has the religious community been more offended than by a recent attack upon the Rev. Dr. Storrs, in one of the weekly papers, which advised him to leave Brooklyn and go to Boston. Dr. Storrs will not be injured by such criticisms, yet they justify his friends in assuring him that no man holds a higher place in the respect and esteem of the Christian community, the sisterhood of churches, than he, and so far from being regarded as amenable to the criticisms made, his preaching, both in matter and manner, is considered eminently worthy of the position he holds. Far more we could justly say, less we could not, and be just to a distinguished and excellent preacher of the Gospel, held up to ridicule in the public press. — *N. Y. Observer.*

THE OLD SOUTH CHURCH (Boston) propose to hold a grand celebration of their approaching bicentennial. Discourses appropriate to the occasion, will be delivered by the pastors, on the Sabbaths, May 23d and 30th.

On the last of these Sabbaths, the Lord's Supper will be administered at the close of morning worship. There will be a social gathering of the church and congregation, at Horticultural Hall, Tremont Street, on Tuesday evening, May 25th, at six o'clock, to which all past and present members are cordially invited.

BAPTIST.

The last Sabbath in April, at the Central Square Baptist Church, Boston, twelve candidates were baptized by Dr. Cheney. They were equally divided between the sexes; there were two cases of a father and a son, and one of a husband and a wife. Among the candidates was also a son of the pastor. The revival interest which commenced with the week of prayer in this church has never been so powerful as now. There are twenty-five or thirty who are expressing hope who have not been baptized, and last Sabbath, in the evening prayer-meeting, as many as fifty arose for prayer. — *Watchman.*

BAPTISTS in Boston and vicinity last week were: — Second Church, 2; Shawmut Avenue, 5; Harvard Street, 3; Tremont Temple, 4; Joy Street, 2; Bethel, 2; Ruggles Street, 6; Cambridge, 12; East Cambridge, 1; Broadway, Cambridge, 4; North Cambridge, 16; Somerville, 5; Malden, 9; First Dorchester, 1; Brookline, 12; High Street, Lynn, 4; Hyde Park, 1; Millbury, 1.

PRESBYTERIAN.

BEACH STREET CHURCH, BOSTON. — *The Congregationalist* says, this church is making arrangements to open for three or four evenings in the week, pleasant rooms in the basement of its meeting-house, as rooms for resort and for reading, for the young of both sexes. In that part of the city, where so many young people live in boarding-houses, any wise endeavor to attract them with something cheerful and home-like, can hardly fail of doing great good.

The Presbytery of Londonderry (O. S.) met at Newburyport last week, and was opened with a sermon by the Rev. Mr. Dunn, of Boston. The session was unusually large in numbers, and very happy in spirit. A resolution favoring speedy reunion on the basis of the standards was adopted, 17 to 2. Rev. James B. Dunn, of Boston, and Rev. Mr. Kellogg, of Manchester, are the clerical Commissioners to the General Assembly. Mr. Henry Norwell, of Boston, and Mr. Hill, of New Hampshire, the Elders.

Rev. Ira C. Tyson, formerly of Hughsonville, N. Y., is to be installed over the Presbyterian Church at Bedford, N. H., next week; and Rev. E. P. Ackerman, of the Third Presbytery of New York, the week following, over the Presbyterian Church of East Boston. — *Evangelist.*

EPISCOPAL.

ANOTHER WITHDRAWAL. — Rev. Marshall B. Smith, a respected presbyter of the Diocese of New Jersey, has followed the example of the Rev. Mr. Cracraft, and withdrawn from the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Mr. Smith was, for a number of years, rector of St. John's Church, Passaic, New Jersey, and for two years he was one of the editors of the *Protestant Churchman*. The reasons given by Mr. Smith are, that the Book of Common Prayer contains "germs of Romanism," and as such he can no longer give it a hearty endorsement, "or honestly use certain expressions which it contains." Nor can he conscientiously obey "certain canons which were passed by the last General Convention." Further, the teachings of the "Third Triennial Charge" of Bishop Odenheimer, "inculcating unconditional submission to ecclesiastical authority," he cannot "endorse or submit to," and he adheres to the truth taught in the Gospel, and its epitome, "those noble Protestant formulæries, the Thirty-nine Articles, which sever neither of Arminian nor Romish error, and which shine in the midst of the Book of Common Prayer as a light in a dark place."

With these views Mr. Smith finds himself in a position where he is forced to withdraw, "not from the ministry of Christ, but from the ministry of the particular Church known as the Protestant Episcopal in the United States of America," and requests the Bishop to deal with him according to the canon in such cases made and provided.

The editor of *The Episcopalian* acknowledges that the letter of Mr. Smith has caused sadness and regret. He says, "We cannot gainsay or take exception to any of his positions, and we feel the pressure of the same things which burdened his conscience. We have borne them for a longer time than he has, and have felt their accumulation increasing in weight for more years than he has." At the same time, *The Episcopalian* asserts the purpose to remain in the Church, and "fight the evils" which abound there as best they can.

MISCELLANEOUS.

It seems very hard for Mary Ann Smith to secure a release in this Catholic city. It will be remembered that she was a domestic in a Methodist family in New Jersey, and left Romanism and joined the Methodist Church. Thereupon her father had her confined in the House of the Good Shepherd, where she declares she is compelled to associate with prostitutes, and is not allowed to converse with her Protestant friends. One of the witnesses who swore to her bad character has since owned that he was hired to commit this perjury. Still Justice Sutherland refused last Saturday to interfere, and it seems as if she would be compelled to remain a prisoner for her faith till she is of age. — *Independent.*

Mr. Murphy, the anti-Romanist lecturer, recently delivered one of his "No Popery" addresses in London. Mr. Murphy, in the course of his speech, asserted that Mrs. Gladstone was the patroness of a Roman Catholic institution in the city, and had subscribed £1,000 towards the new Roman Catholic Church in Westminster.

JEWS. — The present aspect of Judaism throughout Christendom is well nigh astounding, according to Prof. Stowe. He takes three Jewish papers, two in English and one in German; and every week they contain articles against Christianity, very determined, and not unfrequently bitter and violent. The Jews are very active, and growing in wealth and influence. There are ten regularly employed Rabbis in New York city, and nearly as many synagogues. Cincinnati is not behind New York in this respect, and there are four or five in Boston. Some of their synagogues in New York and Cincinnati are amongst the most costly and splendid religious edifices in the United States. They have schools of the highest order, and are projecting an American Jewish University, and they have already one or two Theological Seminaries.

Three matters of importance, we are told, are just now occupying the attention of the Jews at large. One is the revocation of the decree of 1495, by which Jews were banished from Spain. The second is the establishment of an agricultural colony in Palestine. The third is the proposal to hold a universal Synod in Germany, next summer. For a race of four thousand years old, these are signs of considerable vitality.

A NEW RELIGION. — A new religious community, numbering thus far about one hundred, has purchased sixteen hundred acres of land on the margin of Lake Erie, in the county of Chautauqua and township of Pomfret, in Western New York. A perfect social equality is enjoined between all the members of this strange community, who all work at the same tasks and enjoy the same privileges. Their temporal affairs are under the control of nineteen trustees or directors, who can do nothing except by unanimous consent. Their religious belief is thus stated: "They reject the Trinity, but recognize Jesus Christ as the only and true God. Beyond this, there is nothing tangible in their tenets. Personal revelation from on high; a mysterious connection with the Godhead, which they call a divine inspiration, conducing to newness of life; a consciousness of the spiritual transformation, and subtle, undefinable repulsion by which they recognize and reject the unregenerate." They have no church edifice, or devotional services, at the present moment, and it does not appear what ritual, what forms of prayer, if any, what ascriptions of praise, what means of religious instruction they will adopt.

At the head of the enterprise is the Rev. Thos. Lake Harris, an Englishman by birth, at one time a Universalist clergyman in charge of a church in this city, and at another a banker and farmer in Dutchess County. Associated with him is Lawrence Oliphant, late M. P. for Stirling, England. In literature he is known as the author of many books of travel, of which are "The Russian Shores of the Black Sea," and a "Journey to Katmandu." He was in Ceylon with his father, Sir Anthony Oliphant, who was Chief Justice there; he went with Lord Elgin to China; he contributed to the recent triumph of Reform in England. With his mother, Lady Oliphant, a woman of rank and culture, he is said to be engaged, heart and soul, in this earthly paradise on Lake Erie. — *Observer.*

PROTESTANTISM IN SPAIN. — We learn from a late Protestant paper of Paris that the Gospel is indeed making progress in Spain. Last fall, Francisco de Paulo Ruet, an ordained minister, was called by the Committee existing in Paris for the evangelization of Spain, to leave Algiers and go to Madrid. On his arrival there he commenced meetings in a room that could contain thirty persons. It was soon crowded so that, with the concurrence of the Committee organized on the field, he rented a hall which seated two hundred; this hall, after a few weeks, becoming too small, they rented another capable of holding a thousand. It was lately opened, and has been filled every Sabbath. Easter Sunday was a deeply interesting occasion to this new-born church. Fifty Spaniards of both sexes, after suitable religious instruction, were solemnly received as members of the church upon a profession of their faith, and partook of the Lord's Supper. It is the first time, since the days of Philip II., that this holy ordinance has been publicly celebrated in Spain! It is also stated that fifty more Spaniards have offered themselves as candidates for church membership, and are now being taught the religion of the Gospel. Several priests are anxiously inquiring after the truth, and visit the evangelical preacher to receive instruction.

AN ANCIENT STRUCTURE. — The old church in Hingham, the best preserved, if not the only existing, specimen of the quaint, square, peaked-roofed churches erected a century ago in Massachusetts, is to have new pews. The old pews were large, square pews, with high, narrow seats, and straight backs.

THE PACIFIC RAILWAY.

On Monday afternoon, 10th instant, the last spike of the Pacific Railway was driven. The spike was of gold and the hammer silver — thus royally was this wonderful work completed, and the two great oceans of the world united. And now the project is accomplished, people are inquiring who was the first to suggest the undertaking. Of course the early history of all such great conceptions is, to some extent, shrouded in obscurity, yet we find some interesting facts in the advance sheets of Richardson's "Beyond the Mississippi," bearing upon this point.

Jonathan Carver of Connecticut, an officer in the king's service, attempted to cross the continent, going from Boston westward, in 1758; but being unable to get beyond Da-

kota, he returned and went to London, where he vainly sought aid from the British Government to prosecute his explorations through to the Pacific. Some of his papers were published in London in 1778, in the preface to which he makes this prophecy :

"A settlement on the Pacific would not only disclose new sources of trade and promote many important discoveries, but would open a passage for conveying the intelligence to China and the English settlements on the East India, and a great expedition than a tedious voyage by the Cape of Good Hope or the Straits of Magellan will allow of. That the completion of the scheme I have had the honor of first planning and attempting will some time or other be effected, I make no doubt. . . . Whenever it is, and the execution of it is carried on with propriety, those who are so fortunate as to succeed will reap, exclusive of the national advantages that must ensue, emoluments beyond their most sanguine expectations. And while their spirits are elated by their success, perhaps they may bestow some commendation and blessings on the person that first pointed out to them the way. . . . Mighty kingdoms will emerge from these wildernesses, and stately palaces and solemn temples with gilded spires supplant the Indian huts, whose only decorations are the barbarous trophies of their vanquished enemies."

After Carver came the United States expeditions of Pike and Long; then that of Lewis and Clark; that of Bonneville, in 1832, the first that ever crossed to the Pacific with wagons; and the memorable expedition of Fremont, who did more than any man to kindle interest in the Western half of our continent. In 1835, the Rev. Samuel Parker, in his journal of an overland trip, recorded his opinion that the mountains presented no insuperable obstacle to a railway.

"In 1838, Lewis Gaylord Clark wrote in the *Knickerbocker*, 'The reader is now living who will make a railway trip across this vast continent.' In 1846, Aaa Whitney began to urge his project upon State Legislatures and popular gatherings, and he continued to agitate the subject for five years. He proposed to build a railway from the Mississippi to Puget Sound (California was not yet settled by whites) if Congress would give him public lands to the width of 30 miles along the entire line. Later experience has shown that their proceeds would have been utterly insufficient. Yet Whitney failed not on that account, but because he could excite no general interest in the subject. In 1850 the first Pacific Railroad bill was introduced into Congress by sturdy old Benton. It contemplated a railway only 'where practicable,' leaving gaps in the impassable mountains to be filled up by a wagon road. As yet, even the Alleghanies were not crossed by any unbroken railway, but by a series of inclined planes, upon which the cars were drawn up and let down by stationary engines. In 1853-4, by direction of Congress, nine routes were surveyed to the Pacific, on various parallels between the British Possessions and Mexico. Among the young officers in charge of these explorations were McClellan, Pope, Saxon, Farke, and Whipple. Another, Lieut. Gunnison, was murdered by the Indians while in the performance of his duty.

"In 1859, Congress authorized the construction of three roads—a Northern, a Southern, and a Central—and thus indicated our natural and inevitable transcontinental system. They were to receive no money endowment, but very liberal land grants. But before any active steps could be taken to build them, all such enterprises were extinguished for the time by our great war."

Civilization began simultaneously to push from west to east and from east to west with rapid strides.

"In the Washoe country, now Nevada, enterprising prospectors found abundant quartz rock, rich and sparkling with silver. A rush to Washoe followed, and a great State was founded. The travel and traffic grew so enormous that a turnpike was soon built from Placerville, California, over the seemingly insurmountable Sierras. The freight passing over it in a single year paid tolls to the amount of \$300,000, gold, and the cost of transporting it from California to Washoe was estimated at \$13,000,000—probably twice its value in San Francisco.

"The absolute need of some cheaper and easier conveyance revived the idea of a continental railway, always popular in California. Theodore D. Judah, a sanguine engineer of Sacramento, insisted that the project was practicable, both topographically and pecuniarily. Neighbors laughed at him, but earnestness is always contagious. Through many a long winter he talked upon his favorite theme with a group who frequented the hardware store of Huntington & Hopkins, a firm of wealthy but cautious and frugal merchants. One partner, with his family, lived in their store building, separated from their goods by a board partition made from boxes carried around Cape Horn, all the way from Boston. In a country where everybody speculated, they had never invested a dollar in mining, but had adhered specially to their legitimate business. Huntington was the first convert. Soon Hopkins, Crocker, a leading lawyer, and two or three of their neighbors, were also among the prophets. In the spring of 1860, these gentlemen subscribed \$50 apiece to enable Judah to devote the summer to a careful mountain survey. In the autumn Judah and his corps returned to Sacramento, ragged, jaded, and hungry; but with a report so favorable that \$1,500 more was promptly raised to support them through the next season. A second summer was spent in surveying, with equally encouraging results. Then Judah was dispatched to San Francisco, to secure subscriptions for incorporating the Company; but after a month of faithful canvassing, returned home without having obtained a dollar.

"The Company sent Judah to Washington, where he hung up his charts in the Committee-rooms, explained that California was ready to take hold in earnest, and though the civil war was raging, invoked the aid of the nation. A few railway enthusiasts from New York and Massachusetts were already pressing the same request. At last the hour was propitious. Neither Congress nor the Eastern public comprehended that our commerce and travel demanded such a road. Public opinion was not yet ripe for it as a business enterprise. But the Union Pacific, after many struggles, at last made a beginning and built, —

In 1865.....	40 miles.	In 1868.....	425 miles.
In 1866.....	205 miles.	In 1869.....	305 miles.
In 1867.....	245 miles.	Total.....	1,080.

"This was marvelously rapid work for a rough country, much of it destitute of wood, water, and supplies. For 300 miles east of Salt Lake Valley the line averages nearly 7,000 feet above the sea. At this great elevation snows abound. During the first winter—1868-9—no trains went through for two or three weeks, though during the same period 20 miles of track were laid at the end of the line. The Company, in its keen race with the Central Pacific,—building eastward to meet it,—was naturally indifferent to the rage of passengers. A little experience, however, will teach how to overcome the snows."

The Farm and Garden.

Prepared for ZION'S HERALD, by JAMES F. C. HYDE.

Any person desiring information on subjects in this department will please address its Editor, care of ZION'S HERALD.

WORK FOR THE SEASON.—PEAS that were sown early will soon need hoeing. It seems to start them along very much to brush them over in this way.

CORN.—The field corn should now be planted as soon as possible. The old rule was to get all through with this work by the 20th of May.

POTATOES may be planted any time this month, but the early planted ones generally do best, for they escape the blight that comes over the potatoes the last of August or first of September. Hoe the early planted ones when they get to be two inches high.

PEAS should still be sown for a succession. Some of the taller growing varieties will give very much better results if they are supplied with sticks or bushes to run upon.

CABBAGES AND CAULIFLOWERS for late autumn and winter use, should be sown by the 28th of May. If to be transplanted they should be sown earlier than that.

FLOWER SEEDS may be planted at once; before they are up all danger of frost will be over.

GLADIOLUS bulbs should be put in at once; some of the varieties require a full season to come into bloom.

BEDDING PLANTS can safely be planted by the 25th of May.

GRAPE-VINES.—If they have not been already tied up, let the work be done without delay. Great care must be used or many of the buds will be broken off.

LAWNS must be clipped often to look nicely.

WALKS AND AVENUES will need to be brushed over with hoe or scraper as soon as the weeds make their appearance.

PLUMS.—Those that have plum-trees will need to look after the curculio soon after the blossoms disappear, or the little "Turk" will soon make his crescent mark upon them, which is generally fatal to the crop.

BEETS AND CARROTS, if not already sown, should be at the earliest possible day. If intended for market only, no time has been lost, but if for stock purposes then they do much better if early planted.

RUTA BAGAS will need to be sown soon, though good roots for winter use will come from sowing as late as June 10th.

CORN FODDER is a most excellent thing to raise for feeding out to milch and other cows in the summer, while that which remains can be dried for winter use. It is better to sow thickly so that the stalks will not get large and stiff. Sweet corn is better for sowing than any other, for it contains more nutriment than any other. When we cannot get that, we use the southern flat corn, and sow it quite thickly. We always feed stover corn night and morning to our cows.

CELLARS.—It is of the very highest importance that the warm weather is coming on, that house cellars should receive a thorough cleaning, and that all decayed or decaying matter should be removed. There is no question but disease often arises from the foul condition of cellars. Now the farmer and his family, living as they do, very much in the open air, should be among the most healthy people in the world, but the reverse is often true, from a neglect to keep things neat and clean about the premises, and especially in the cellar under the house. It would be much better if the house-cellar was never used for the storage of vegetables in quantity, but as it is so commonly the custom to do so, the most careful attention should be given to the condition of the same, that no positive injurious effects may be suffered.

PROFITS OF FISH-FARMING.—That the culture of all fresh-water fish as a branch of farming will pay where the natural advantages exist, cannot be any longer considered an open question. It has been too often and too clearly demonstrated to admit longer of a doubt. Seth Green bought his now famous fish farm near Mumford, N. Y., for \$2,000. He fitted it up with hatching-apparatus, and a year afterward sold a half interest in it for \$6,000. In 1866, his profits were \$1,000; the next year they amounted to \$5,000. During 1868 his sales of eggs and young fry alone amounted to \$10,000, leaving out of consideration the principal income from the sale of the fish. Mr. Green, speaking from his experience, once said, that "an acre of good water can be made to produce twice as much food as an acre of land."

BEE-KEEPING.—A correspondent of the *California Farmer* thinks that every owner of a rural home ought to have a few swarms of honey-makers, and he gives the following suggestions as to where they should be kept and how managed: —

"First, on dry soil, and, if convenient, in some quiet spot away from the busy routine of the domestic circle. It should be shaded by trees, to relieve the little occupants from the rays of the burning sun, and shield them from too much exposure to strong winds. The best bee-house that was ever used is the shade of a tree and a good hive. The hive should always face the southeast if possible, so your bees get the morning sun, and fewer storms come from that direction. Let it be located where it can be readily seen in swarming time from some door or window, from the kitchen if possible,

that the women may give the alarm. The grass should be kept short by occasional cutting. All ant-hills in the immediate neighborhood of the apiary should be destroyed, as also spider-webs and the like. I recommend the planting of trees, where you are not already favored with them, and setting one or two hives under each tree, always avoiding a bee-house or room, as there is no place like the open air." — *Hearth and Home.*"

The Righteous Dead.

Mrs. MARY N. PETTINGELL, wife of Bro. Gutting Pettingell, departed this life at Newburyport, March 10, aged 50 years and 3 months.

In early life she gave her heart to God, and to its close maintained a good profession of her faith in Jesus by a well-ordered life and a godly conversation, so that the memory of her good deeds "is as ointment poured forth." She dearly loved and highly prized the institutions of our Church, and was a constant attendant upon the public and social means of grace. She was a strong, yet gentle, woman, even fainting for the courts of the Lord; and the seasons of communion were, many times, of refreshing, when her soul feasted on the hidden manna, which strengthened her attachment to the cross of Christ, and infused new life into her mortal frame.

The members of the class-meeting, that has been held at her house for many years, will long remember her kindly greetings and words of encouragement and sympathy, as she had for all a kind word and a helping hand amid their trials and afflictions. The ministers of Christ, who have been stationed here during her life, found in her a warm friend and firm supporter in their work and labor of love; and her home and heart were ever open to receive them. Her judgment in matters connected with the Church was good, and her advice valuable; her benevolence was active, and her gifts of charity often beyond her means. In her death the Church has lost a valuable member, the husband a frugal, devoted wife, and the children a faithful, loving mother.

Miss Anna Eliza, which continued nearly a year, her gratitude to God, and her patience amid severe bodily suffering, were remarkable, even to her friends. Not a murmur or complaint was ever heard toward her, but a calm resignation to the will of God shone conspicuously on her last.

During our last visit with her, we asked her how she felt in reference to her recovery, and, although hardly able to speak, she gathered strength to say,

"If it is the Lord's will that I should recover, I will say amen; and if it is His will to call me home, I can say to that amen. Let the Lord's will be done." Shortly before her departure, while her husband was cowering with her about the blessed promises of God's Word, a heavenly smile irradiated her features, and instantly her voice broke forth in singing,

"How lost was my condition
Till Jesus made me whole!
There is but one Physician
Can cure a sin-sick soul."

when, becoming exhausted, her voice ceased, and for a few minutes her breathing became faint, until she sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, leaving upon the features of her face the impression of the joy she felt in her passage from earth to glory. May God support the husband and children in their severe affliction.

John Capen.

Died, in Albany, Me., Feb. 25, NINAULA RAWSON, wife of the late Timothy Hutchinson, aged 91 years, 10 months, 7 days.

She was born in Sutton, Mass., April 17, 1777, and moved to Maine in its early settlement. She professed religion about forty years ago, and was baptized and received into the Methodist Church, by the Rev. David Copeland, then on Waterford Circuit; was a member of Norway charge, some distance from home, and was to the last very faithful in attendance at her class.

S. W. Pixes.

Widow SALLY HAINES died in North Auburn, Me., at the residence of John Smith, esq., March 23, 1869, aged 63 years.

Sister Haines was reclaimed from a backslidden state some eleven years ago, and became connected with the M. E. Church. She has lived a good and consistent life ever since. She was poor in this world's goods, and often dreaded coming to want; but God heard her prayers, and took her home. She died, exclaiming, "It is all peace."

G. W. Ballou.

North Auburn, April 2.

Mrs. JULIA BATELDER died in Grantham, N. H., March 9, aged 73 years.

She had been a very worthy member of the M. E. Church, for fifty-three years. Of her it might truly be said, "She was the salt of the earth, the light of the world." She took much pleasure in fulfilling the precept, "Let the inhabitants of the rock sing, let them shout from the top of the mountains, let them give glory unto the Lord." She was a blessing to her family, the Church, and community.

Mr. DANIEL BATELDER, the husband of the above, died March 29, aged 77 years.

They had lived in conjugal felicity forty-six years, being not only "one flesh," but one in Christ, and one in His Church. He was a useful member, and a worthy citizen. Thus was granted her wish that she might not leave him long.

Mr. GEORGE C. DAVIS, son-in-law of the above, died March 8, aged 55 years.

His sickness, congestion of the lungs, was brief; his death sudden, and deeply afflicting. He had been connected with the M. E. Church some twenty-seven years. His dying testimony was, "My hope holds good. Living or dying, I am the Lord's. Glory to God."

Thus have three from one household been called from earth in the brief space of twenty-one days.

S. Quincy.

Sister ALMIRA BUGGS departed this life March 7, 1869, aged 50 years and 3 months.

In the first of her Christian course, her church relationship was with the Free-will Baptists; but she withdrew from them, and joined the M. E. Church about thirty years since. Twenty-four years of her useful life were devoted to the M. E. Church at Eastport. A little more than six years ago she moved to the town of Perry, where, her husband being a Congregationalist, she attended the Congregationalist meetings, occasionally attending her own. Sister Buggs was a good woman, in every position in life; a kind, devout wife, a tender mother, and a consistent Christian.

E. S. Stanley.

Sister VERA SWEAN passed on sweetly to glory from Dresden, Me., March 2, aged 41 years.

She was an exemplary Christian, a dutiful wife, an affectionate mother; and when the visions of earth were fading, with glory in her soul, she could say, "I am all the Lord's." Earth mourns, but heaven is glad.

Dresden, March 6, 1869.

S. Davis.

Stan Bixby died in Buxton, March 16, 1869, aged 74 years, 1 month 18 days.

Bro. Bixby died of typhoid pneumonia, after a few weeks of severe suffering. He had been a worthy member of the M. E. Church more than thirty years. He sustained himself to the Church and community, and we feel that, in his removal, we have sustained a great loss. He was ready unto every good work, and has closed up a useful life, and witnessed a good profession, and has added another witness, that the Gospel has power to save to the uttermost, and to the last.

W. H. Foster.

JOSEPH BERRY, brother to Silas, died in Buxton, March 7, 1869, aged 63 years.

Bro. Berry was a good man, and devout Christian. The writer always found him ready to speak for his Saviour. When suffering severely, he would point his finger upward and shout, "Yonder is my home; there will be no pain or suffering there." He had for many years been a worthy member of the M. E. Church.

W. H. Foster.

Mrs. ELIZA, wife of Bro. Peter L. Spaulding, died in Lanesburg, Mass., March 3, 1869, aged 56 years.

Sister S. was converted at the age of 20, ever since which time she has lived the life of a consistent Christian. Greatly will she be missed at the home fireside, the Church, the Sabbath-school, and at the couch of sickness. Although death came quite suddenly and unexpectedly, it found her fully prepared for the summons.

J. L. Locke.

Lanesburg, March 15, 1869.

Mrs. CINDERELLA ATKINSON died in West Pembroke, March 20, after laboring long with conflicting doubts and severe reproach from the enemies of truth. She was intensely devout, and her experience testifies, "Many are the afflictions of the righteous."

E. F. V.

